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MRS. HEMANS' LIFE AND POETRY.*

"THE Beautiful has vanished, and returns not." Let the Muse of Hemans be called the Beautiful, for such was the nature of her Genius, and may well therefore be the name. The Beautiful! And what if we were to add another to the thousand essays on the Beautiful and Sublime, or on either? The world would laugh—and yet, after all, perhaps, unwisely—seeing that we *have* something to say concerning the Beautiful, but *not now*. No! For Sorrow now makes Beauty still more beautiful, because of that which has departed; and fair eyes are looking at yonder bright Star, and ladye-lips are asking—Is that the Soul of Hemans?

And well they may—her "soul was like a star, and dwelt apart!" Indeed, for many years, the life of Felicia Hemans was spent in uninterrupted domestic privacy, deprived almost of all intercourse with the world, and employed in composition, reading, and the study of languages. She had no personal acquaintance until very lately, with contemporary poets or poetlings, critics or criticasters, or with *literateurs* of high or low degree. Her poems were for the most part produced in solitude, and distant from the exciting influences of society. "She," says one of her biographers, "experienced nothing of the fostering partiality of coteries;" and he rightly rejoices in the circumstance, that the degree of attention with which her productions were received owed nothing to undue or empirical means—"none such were employed in her favour to influence popular suffrage." Her verses were simply published in some periodical, or along with some musical accompaniment, and the world found them after many days, having selected them from the mass of similar compositions by inferior writers. A friendly critic tells us, that the whole structure of her mind was poetical, and the most trifling occurrence of the moment,—a word spoken—a tone heard—a circumstance of daily life—frequently formed a germ of what, in her active imagination, was woven into a beautiful and perfect composition. "Yet," he rightly adds, and the fact is of great importance in estimating her merits, "it should be remembered, that, instead of trusting to her natural powers of thought and fancy, she was, through the whole period of her literary career, an ardent and unwearied student. From a course of extensive reading, she enlarged her comprehension with much that was soul-stirring and noble—with much that was gentle and refined: and if

* The Works of Mrs. Hemans; with a Memoir of her Life, by her Sister. In six vols. WM. BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh. 1839.

she has not often ventured,—as Wordsworth, Crabbe, and Wilson have so powerfully done—to descend to the delineation of what is homely in life and manners, it evidently arose from no arrogance of intellect, but simply from such themes being incompatible with the system which she formed for herself, and resolved to follow out in her writings.”

These sentences express in many words what the poet laureate stated in few, when in an article in the *Quarterly*, he parenthetically mentioned “*the acquired power* of Mrs. Hemans.” Her talent was indeed of gradual growth—her mind was not originaive, but reflective. She was circled with glory, indeed, but it resembled that of the moon. An “Orb of Song” she was, but not a mighty original, like the divine Milton, on whom Wordsworth’s “Wanderer” gazed among the hills. Enough for her, that

“She walked in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that ’s best of dark and bright
Met in her aspect and her eyes :
Thus mellowed to that tender light,
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.”

There were, accordingly, stages of developement, arising from the progress of her studies, in the mental character of the Poetess ; and it is, therefore, into certain correspondent epochs that both her life and poetry became divided.

We have already expressed our opinion of the life prefixed to the volumes before us. Mr. Chorley’s “*Memorials of Mrs. Hemans*,” which were published three years ago, have also been sufficiently noticed for praise or blame by critics, both Romanist and Protestant. We are glad to be relieved from dwelling on the faults, affectations, or partialities of either biographer, as we wish to proceed purely in the pursuit of excellences, and not of defects ; the latter may be well left to the *acumen* of inferior reviewers, and suit now neither the occasion, nor our inclination. Praise is comely ; and only those critics have come down to posterity with the poets they loved who had eye and heart for their beauties, and generosity to vindicate what seemed blemishes to all but them. Praise is comely : and is still more fitting when offered as incense not merely to Poet but to Poetess—not simply to Song but to Beauty. With Woman began all that is poetical in the world, or at any rate with that creative Love, whence Adam conceived the fair form of Eve, and to which, in the trance of desire, he gave wondrous birth. Therefore it became that Woman was love-like, resembling the Affection which was indeed but objectively expressed in her.

“Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like”—

And Eve, tending her flowers in the garden of Eden, saw with peculiar joy, how

“they at her coming sprung,
And touched by her fair tendance gladlier grew.”
“Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half-spy’d, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glow’d ; oft stooping to support
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck’d with gold,

Hung drooping unsustained : them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band ; mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh."

Such a Flower, thus solitary and unpropped, though wandering in the Paradise of her own imaginings, was Mrs. Hemans for a long period of her existence. As Felicia Dorothea Browne,* Mr. Chorley would fain have us believe that she at least might repose on ancestral memories, and was visited with influences from such in childhood, whence that infant instinct in her for the Beautiful which, in the summer of her days, ripened into imagination, and reason, and art. Nay, he tells us that she herself attested the reality of certain mysterious feelings and aspirations, of which she meditated the analysis in a work to be called "Recollections of a Poet's Childhood," at the time when her labours were bidden to cease for ever. Thus completing the circle: and making Death acquainted with springtide hopes—hopes blighted ere the tree that bore them—blighted even when they seemed to prosper most. For if we want to know what disappointment is, in its bitterest form, we must know what the world calls success—then it is we learn how much the utmost point of performance falls short of early promise.

Early indications of the poetic temperament the girl must have shewn, since at the age of eleven years she had produced a volume of verses, which in the course of four years was followed by two others. In her nineteenth year, she was married to Captain Hemans, of the Fourth Regiment; but this union was of brief duration. Shortly before the birth of a fifth son, a protracted separation commenced. Captain Hemans' health had been undermined by the vicissitudes of a military life; more particularly by the hardships he had endured in the disastrous retreat upon Corunna, and by the fever which proved fatal to many of our troops in the Walcheren expedition. Indeed to such an extent was this breaking up, as to render it necessary for him, a few years after his marriage, to exchange his native climate for the milder sky of Italy. Mrs. Hemans, whose literary pursuits rendered it advisable for her not to leave England, remained with her family, now removed to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph, in North Wales. Thus was she left "— fairest unsupported flower," with no "prop" but the heavenly Muse, by whose aid she sung in no mean numbers the *Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy*; in the success of which poem we recollect that William Gifford was much interested, and took care that a favorable review should appear in the *Quarterly*. Another poem, *Modern Greece*, was also produced in this seclusion. These efforts, we are told, "were favorably noticed by Lord Byron; and attracted the admiration of Shelley. Bishop Heber, and other judicious and intelligent counsellors, cheered her on by their approbation: the reputation, which, through years of silent study and exertion, she had, no doubt, sometimes with brightened and sometimes with doubtful hopes, looked forward to as a sufficient great reward, was at length unequivocally and unreluctantly accorded to her by the world; and probably this was the happiest period of her life."

That these essays were deserving of high encouragement cannot be

* She was born in Duke-street, Liverpool, 25 Sept. 1794.

disputed; and the degree of excellence actually attained indicated a mind capable of self-developement. The infant poetess had indeed laid a good basis in her "childish readings of Shakspeare," for her future education—she had further "enriched her mind with treasures gathered from the old classic authors, and the more modern writers of Italy and the Peninsula." She also became familiar with the German language. "Her versions from Horace and Camoens," says Mr. Chorley, "an ode or two, translated from 'Herrera,' and some fragments from the Italian poets, remain to attest her familiarity with the several languages in question. Those who are interested in comparative criticism, may find amusement in contrasting Mrs. Hemans's versions from Horace with Miss Seward's paraphrases, in which the elder poetess complacently labours to give as much Darwinian embroidery as possible to the thoughts of the graceful Roman, and smiles upon her work, when complete, with the air of one who has accomplished notable improvements. Mrs. Hemans' success in translation, though sufficient to prove her familiarity not only with the peculiar productions of the writer she undertook to render, but also with the general spirit of his language and time—is not remarkable. It was during this period, too, that she contributed a series of papers on Foreign Literature to the *Edinburgh Magazine*; these, with some very few exceptions, *being the only prose compositions* ever produced by her."

Whatever may be said of prose written by poets, certain it is that long habits of prose writing have a tendency to deteriorate an author's poetical style. The Muse of poetry still demands exclusive worship, and undivided allegiance. In return for such absolute attention, she permits to her votary a wide empire. "In poetry," writes Sir William Temple, "are to be assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of picture. The true art of poetry is, that such contraries must meet to compose it—a genius both penetrating and solid; in expression both delicacy and force; and the frame and fabric of a true poem must have something both sublime and just—amazing and agreeable. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct; there must be upon the same tree both flowers and fruit. There must be a general knowledge both of nature and of art; and, to go the lowest that can be, there are required genius, judgement, and application; for without this last, all the rest will not serve him, and *none ever was a great poet that applied himself much to anything else.*"

The translations from Camoens; the prize poem of "Wallace;" as also that of "Dartmoor;" the "Tales and Historic Scenes;" the "Sceptic;" the "Welsh Melodies;" the "Siege of Valencia;" and the "Vespers of Palermo," are all referable to the same period of her literary career. They speak of much application and of much skill, attained in the mechanism of verse; but they speak also of a mind yet resting on the common-places of poetry, and seeking support in the artifices of poetic diction. In all poetry composed upon this principle, you will find, most merciful Lector! that the effect is produced by the combination of epithets which are to be found singly scattered up and down the original poets; and it will often happen that, in consequence, two works *composed* by such means, though by different authors, will bear a close resemblance in particular passages. In such cases, dear reader, trouble not yourself to award the claim of originality to either, but refer them, in your own mind, to some source or sources common to

both. Byron's diction in his early writings, was a *mosaic* of this kind; and it was peculiarly the thing in which poor Maturin delighted. By the bye, the matter may be conveniently illustrated by a passage from his "Manuel," and Mrs. Hemans's "Vespers of Palermo."

One of the *finest* passages in the latter drama, is where Raimond di Procida, in prison, feels the soldier's and patriot's spirit rise within him, on receiving information that his countrymen are without, defending the city against the enemy at the gates.

"They are gone forth! my father leads them on!
All, all Palermo's youth! No! *one* is left,
Shut out from glory's race! They are gone forth!
— Ay! now the soul of battle is abroad,
It burns upon the air! The joyous winds
Are tossing warrior-plumes; *the proud white foam*
Of battle's roaring billows! On my sight
The vision bursts—it maddens! *'tis the flash,*
The lightning shock of lances, and the cloud
Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze
Of helmets in the sun! The very steed
With his majestic rider glorying shares
The hour's stern joy, *and waves his floating mane*
As a triumphant banner! Such things are
Even now—and I am here!

Now take the following lines from *Manuel*.

"Osma, thy field
(When the pale moon broke on the battle's verge)
Seemed as an ocean, *where the Moorish turbans*
Toss'd like the white sea-foam! Amid that ocean
We were to plunge—and perish!
We charged beneath their javelin's iron shower,
Clashed cymbal, sabre-gleam, and banner's float,
That hid the light between!
Then waved the troubled Crescent, while aloft,
Bannered in chivalrous display, the Cross
Like meteor flew and blazed!"

The *making-up* of both these passages is too evident to need further remark. In what has been said, nothing need be inferred injurious to the reputation of Mrs. Hemans. The poems to which our observations relate, must be considered (in even her memorialist's deliberate opinion) "as the exercises rather than the effusions, of a mind, as distrustful of its own power, as it was filled almost to overflowing." Filled, her mind was indeed—but it was more knowing than wise. The "vision and the faculty divine" was not yet manifested in her, she knew nothing of Wordsworth's poetry, and anticipated nothing of its spirit; and though she knew something of Shelley, yet, as was to be expected, she mistook his philosophy and disrelished his verses. In a word, her taste was yet vulgar; for it was yet that of the world, and, though living in seclusion, she had not even conceived the idea of purifying it from whatever was factitious and artificial. She looked but with the eyes of the profane on antiquity and art, and idolised where she should have rivalled. She was yet in the school of imitation. She had not begun to create—to idealise—to embody! She merely remembered and reproduced. She was not yet a poet, but only an excellent versifier.

Of Bishop Heber's acquaintance with her, her biographers have pre-

served some interesting memorials. She had designed a poem on *Superstition*, intended to display its poetry, by tracing out "the symbolical meaning, by which the popular faiths of every land are linked together, and which tend so impressively to their coincidence." Heber undertook to assist her in this, and suggested additions and interpolations in such parts of it as she had succeeded in completing.

In performing this duty, her reverend adviser directs her after stanza 7, "a slow receding star," to introduce "something about Astræa, or Righteousness, whom the heathen poets described as a celestial virgin, who abode on earth till the commencement of the iron age, and then withdrew to the heavens and the constellation of the Balance. Like her, Religion left the world, and was only to be traced in the grand features of nature, which testified to their Maker's existence and power &c. &c?"

In connection with this view, also, he recommends allusion to the Tower of Babel, and Nimrod its supposed founder. He then proceeds to maintain "the doubt which naturally arose in the mind of the savage, whether the blended prospects of good and evil in nature, might not arise from the struggle of a good and an evil principle. Thus they saw poison opposed to nourishment, deformity to beauty, disease to vigour, death to life, evil to good; and were ready to conclude that there must be two opposing gods, the authors of such phenomena. Hence as loftier or lower feelings prevailed in the mind, men wanted either to address their hopes and thankfulness to the Fountain of all Good, or to turn in fear or in malice, to deprecate the severity or invoke the aid of the Fountain of Mischief. Hence, in all rude countries the sorcerer divides the respect of mankind with the priest. Hence the wizards of Egypt who contended with Moses,—the woman of Endor possessed with a familiar spirit. Hence in Greece the Furies had their sacred groves, which none might enter and live; into one of which *Cædipus* entered when an exile, and pursued by his guilty conscience. Hence the Thessalian witches, who smeared themselves with human gore, and made philtres of the hearts of famished children; hence the hags whose incantations were supposed by the Romans to have consumed, by instigation of *Piso*, the youth and life of *Germanicus*. Hence the witches of the middle ages, who invoked the arch-fiend, and solicited power from him to do works of evil. In like manner the Laplanders, even now, sell the wind and the storm. The negroes deal in the horrible mysteries of *Obi*; and the Calabrians have their cursing well; while in the villages of Scotland, the Devil has a plot of land set apart to him, which is never flowered, sown or grassed, but devoted to cursing and barrenness. So deeply laid in the human heart is that principle which the Magi embodied into a system."

It was at Bishop Heber's suggestion that Mrs. Hemans wrote *The Vespers of Palermo*, and by the Rev. H. H. Milman's assistance, that it was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, from which it was soon withdrawn. It had better success in Edinburgh, where it was followed by an epilogue from the pen of Sir Walter Scott—a circumstance which led to the subsequent acquaintance of the two authors.

Mrs. Hemans' preference for the German language led her to models of imitation, which were calculated to emancipate her mind from the conventionalities of her native poetry. Schiller, Goethe, Tieck, and

Körner, presented to her new paths of invention, and new veins of sentiment and reflection. In the forms of expression she was already accomplished; new trains of thought and feeling she however wanted. Shelley's admiration, which was communicated to her by himself in some letters which she does not seem to have acknowledged gratefully, had failed to inspire her. Her prominent notion of him was, that he was a deluded character; and she was prevented by this from appreciating the excellences of the poet, and separating them from the eccentricities of the theorist. That, however, she could be charmed with simplicity, is shewn by her translation from La Motte Fouqué's German of *The Brandenburg Harvest Song*, on the subject of the Queen of Prussia's death.

"The corn in golden light,
Waves o'er the plain;
The sickle's gleam is bright;
Full swells the grain.
Now send we far around
Our harvest lay!
—Alas! a heavier sound
Comes o'er the day!
On every breeze a knell
The hamlets pour,—
—We know its cause too well,
She is no more!
Earth shrouds with burial sod
Her soft eye's blue,—
—Now o'er the gifts of God
Fall tears like dew!"

Her dislike, also, of mere glitter is shewn in her condemnation of Moore's *Loves of the Angels* (at least, we suppose that her remarks refer to that poem). "This poetry," she writes a correspondent, "has to me, such a sickly exotic scent; if I may use such an expression, it *smells of musk*—and what butterfly-winged angels! Compare them with Milton's, the same in youthful beauty; and do not they remind one of the gaudy cupids with opera-looking festoons of roses, on a Parisian fan?"

Notwithstanding these indications of improved taste, she was yet far from that tone of composition, to correct which, the study of Wordsworth was expedient. There is the same monotony of treatment in *The Siege of Valencia*, and *The last Constantine* which had marked her previous drama and poems, and to tell the truth, which was never altogether dispensed with even in her best pieces. Marked improvement however was manifested in the *Voice of the Spring*, which became immediately popular. The *Songs of the Cid* too are chivalresque and vigorous. And well would it have been now for the poetess, had not popular admiration made her but too welcome to the periodical press. Magazine literature is the hot-bed of talent, but the death-bed of genius. Henceforth she had to season high, that the palled taste might be re-excited. She wrote not for herself, but for the public—not to relieve a full-charged mind of its emotions, but to produce effect on a jaded audience. She was an actress, though on a stage of her own, and her natural complexion was assisted by rouge and cosmetics.

Beautiful, nevertheless, in this state of her mind, were its effusions—

spirit-stirring, too, some of them ; for her own spirit had been awakened. We may select, in proof of our assertion, the lyric called *The Treasures of the Deep*, in which also the reader will perceive a glow and a flush of consciousness, which could not have qualified a purely natural effusion. It is however a very exquisite thing.

“ What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells ?
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main !
 —Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
 Bright things which gleam unreck'd-of, and in vain !
 —Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea !
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more !—what wealth untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies !
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal argosies !
 —Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main !
 Earth claims not these again.

Yet more, the depths have more !—Thy waves have rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by !
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry !
 —Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play !
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more !
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
 —Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave ;
 Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke midst festal song !
 Hold fast thy buried Isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down ;
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowing crown,
 —Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !
 —Restore the dead, thou Sea !”

As our design admits not of quotations, we are desirous in the few specimens that we can give, to exhibit in the best light the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. Else should we be tempted to transfer to our pages, *The Hour of Death—The Graves of a Household—The Cross in the Wilderness—The Hebrew Mother—The Farewell to the Dead—Körner and his Sister*, and a score others. But we must pass on to the most prized of all her productions—that which she best loved herself—*The Forest Sanctuary*. She was, we are told, and we think rightly, of opinion, that in proportion to the praise which had been bestowed upon other of her less carefully meditated and shorter compositions, *The Forest Sanctuary* had hardly met with its fair share of success ; for it was the first continuous effort in which she dared to write from the fulness of her own heart,—to listen to the promptings of her genius

freely and fearlessly. The subject was suggested by a passage in one of the letters of Don Leucadio Doblado, and was wrought upon by her with eagerness and fervour. It describes the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his country in the 16th century, finds refuge with his child in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.

There is much delicacy in the whole tone and texture of this piece. With all the pomp of a diction too ornate, which had distinguished her former pieces, there was in them not only a deficiency of thought, but of feeling,—(extraordinary in a woman). But here the theme required both, and both are supplied—from a fountain out of which confessedly she had never drawn before—her own heart and mind! In *The Records of Woman*, she proceeded on the same line of endeavour, and boasted indeed that in them “there is more of herself to be found,” than in any preceding composition. From her biographer's account, it is clear that she now began to feel the “life of mind” in her—that she was now creating—not reproducing. The fervour of genius was now consuming her, and the framework of her soul began to yield under the electric shocks. *Mozart's Requiem* in particular, affected her health greatly, and assuredly there are some pathetic stanzas in it, worthy of the name it bears. She identified herself with the musician, when she exclaims—

“ Swift thoughts that came and went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken as a reed my thrilling frame.
Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul;
I strive with yearnings vain,
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll!
Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams,
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my own heart, and will not let it rest.”

Mrs. Hemans could enter into the feelings of Mozart, for she was herself skilful in music, preferring, we are told, the national and melancholy. “How successfully,” says one of her biographers, “wed to the magic of sweet sound many of her verses have been by her sister, no lover of music need to be reminded. *The Roman Girl's Song* is full of solemn classic beauty; and in one of her letters it is said, that of the *Captive Knight* Sir Walter Scott never was weary. Indeed, it seems in his mind to have been the song of chivalry, representative of the English, as the “*Flowers of the Forest*” was of the Scottish; the “*Cancionella Espanola*” of the Spanish; and the “*Rhine Song*” of the German.”

Traces of her appreciation of Wordsworth and Scott are to be detected in the poems which we have thus rapidly glanced at; the time was now arriving when, by a more intimate acquaintance with those

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Mrs. Hemans could enter into the feelings of Mozart, for she was herself skilful in music, preferring, we are told, the national and melancholy. “How successfully,” says one of her biographers, “wed to the magic of sweet sound many of her verses have been by her sister, no lover of music need to be reminded. *The Roman Girl's Song* is full of solemn classic beauty; and in one of her letters it is said, that of the *Captive Knight* Sir Walter Scott never was weary. Indeed, it seems in his mind to have been the song of chivalry, representative of the English, as the “Flowers of the Forest” was of the Scottish; the “Cancionella Espanola” of the Spanish; and the “Rhine Song” of the German.”

Traces of her appreciation of Wordsworth and Scott are to be detected in the poems which we have thus rapidly glanced at; the time was now arriving when, by a more intimate acquaintance with those

two great poets, Mrs. Hemans was to acquire and apply new perceptions of their spirit and manner. The death of her mother inducing her to leave Wales for Wavertree near Liverpool; and opportunities for visiting Scotland and the lakes having occurred, she was enabled to make a personal acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Wordsworth, the author of "Cyril Thornton" and others. While in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, her principal sojourn was at Milburn Tower, the seat of the venerable Sir Robert Liston.

These journeys are, in fact, the great incidents of Mrs. Hemans' life, and here it is that Mr. Chorley's memorials become indeed valuable. Mrs. Hemans had now exchanged Love for Fame, and since she regretted the loss of the former, it was but fitting that the feeling of the latter should be rendered more intense by associating her for a while, in daily commerce, with the famous. Her best company at Liverpool had been Miss Jewsbury, Mary Howitt, and Dr. Bowring, good enough in their way, especially the two first, but still learners rather than teachers. She had now to encounter the masters of song! We will endeavour to condense the details of their intercourse.

Mrs. Hemans saw Scott before Wordsworth, and had with the "Border Bard" a long delightful walk through the Rhymer's Glen, having got wet above her ancles in the haunted burn, torn her gown in making her way through thickets of wild roses, stained her gloves with wood-strawberries, and scratched her face with a *rowan* branch. "But what of all this?" she demands. "Had I not been walking with Sir Walter Scott, and listening to tales of elves and bogles and brownies, and hearing him recite some of the Spanish ballads till they 'stirred the heart like the sound of a trumpet?'" This was all very well; but there came out, in the course of this interview, a trait of weakness in Mrs. Hemans' conduct, characteristic of her both as an individual and an author. She would be nothing if not *poetical*. Unlike Wordsworth, Mrs. Hemans' *themes* are poetical as well as the treatment, and in the handling of them she is afraid of permitting intervals of comparative prose, though nothing can be clearer than the propriety of the connecting links being of humbler texture than the gems which they unite. But to proceed with the story. She would sit on the grass. "Would it not be more *prudent* for you, Mrs. Hemans," said Sir Walter, "to take the seat?" "I have no doubt that it would, Sir Walter; but, somehow or other, I always prefer the grass." "'And so do I,' replied the dear old gentleman, coming to sit there beside me; 'and I really believe that I do it chiefly out of a *wicked wilfulness*, because all my good advisers say that it will give me the rheumatism.'"

Poor Mrs. Hemans interpreted this rebuke into approbation: she could not believe for a moment that Sir Walter Scott could ever cease being poetical, and act with ordinary prudence. She was self-deluded—no man's poetry was ever more varied with vale as well as hill than that of Sir Walter Scott. The personal appearance of the man might have taught her better. "I was," she says, "rather agreeably surprised by his appearance, after all I had heard of its homeliness; the predominant expression of countenance is, I think, a sort of arch good-nature, conveying a mingled impression of penetration and benevolence."

We have no space to describe her visit, in the same company, to

Yarrow, and we omit other particulars, leaving Abbotsford for Rydal Mount. Her journey to Scotland was in the summer of 1829; that to the lakes in 1830. It was in the "leafy month of June" of that year that she first saw face to face the poet of the *Excursion*. Her nervous fear at the idea of presenting herself alone to Mr. Wordsworth grew upon her so rapidly, that it was long before she took courage to leave the inn. "I had," she proceeds, "little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch. This was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure that little trait will give you an idea of considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate. In half an hour I felt myself as much at ease with him as I had been with Sir Walter Scott in half a day." Subsequently she remarks, that about Wordsworth's manner and conversation there was more of impulse than she had expected, but, in other respects, she saw much that she should have looked for in the poet of meditative life: frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. "I have passed," she adds, "a delightful morning to-day, in walking with him about his own richly shaded grounds, and hearing him speak of the old English writers, particularly Spenser, whom he loves, as he himself expresses it, for his earnestness and devotedness."

In another letter she writes:—

"I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth himself; his manners are distinguished by that frank simplicity which I believe to be ever the characteristic of *real* genius; his conversation perfectly free and unaffected, yet remarkable for power of expression and vivid imagery: when the subject calls forth anything like enthusiasm, the poet breaks out frequently and delightfully; and his gentle and affectionate playfulness in his intercourse with all the members of his family, would of itself sufficiently refute Moore's theory in the *Life of Byron*, with regard to the unfitness of genius for domestic happiness. I have much of his society, as he walks by me while I ride to explore the mountain glens and waterfalls, and he occasionally repeats passages of his own poems in a deep and thinking tone, which harmonises well with the spirit of these scenes."

Again:—

"He gives me a good deal of his society, reads to me, walks with me, leads my pony when I ride, and I begin to talk with him as with a sort of *paternal* friend. The whole of this morning he kindly passed in reading to me a great deal from Spenser, and afterwards his own *Laodamia*, my favourite *Tintern Abbey*, and many of those noble sonnets which you, like myself, enjoy so much. His reading is very peculiar, but to my ear, delightful; slow, solemn, earnest in expression more than any I ever heard. When he reads or recites in the open air, his deep rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit-voice, and belong to the religion of the place, they harmonise so fitly with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls. His expressions are often strikingly poetical. I would not give up the mists that *spiritualise* our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy. Yesterday evening he walked beside me as I rode on a long and lovely mountain-path high above Grasmere Lake. I was much interested by his shewing me, carved deep in the rock, as we passed, the initials of his wife's name, inscribed there many years ago by himself; and the dear old man,

like Old Mortality, renews them from time to time. I could scarcely help exclaiming, '*Esto perpetua!*' "

Between the periods of the two journeys, Mrs. Hemans had published the *Lays of the Affections*, a volume, which, though it contains the chivalresque ballad of *The Lady of Provence*, was rendered heavy by the initial poem of *A Spirit's Return*, with the subject of which few readers in these days can be found to sympathise. The poet herself, however, had in its composition, as she says, "sounded the deep places of her soul." Many influences had already modified her genius, and henceforth continued to work out in her now thoroughly enkindled mind. Both Wordsworth and Shelley she now thoroughly understood, and appreciated for what is eternal in both. Sickness and sorrow now, too, threw their own magic over her soul, and the virtues of patience and resignation grew from suffering, and made her a heroine in her own despute. A deeper, higher, more solemn and truthful thinking and feeling were thus evolved from the recesses, as it were, of her being; and some of them are, with no mean skill and with increasing power, displayed in her *Scenes and Hymns of Life*. Cruel necessity restrains us from quoting—cruel, since now her poetry had found its meet employment, the sacred service of religion. With religion all poetry commenced; in religion the poetry of Felicia Hemans found its result and climax. Her course was pyramidal. The foundations of her mind were laid—in earth, grossly and broadly, but the superstructure gradually refined as it rose, becoming more and more purified, until at last it attained an apex ethereal if not spiritual. Her tendencies were upward; and her last ambition was to emulate Coleridge's *Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni*. Her *Easter Day in a Mountain Churchyard*, and her *Despondency and Aspiration*, are challenged by her admirers as approaching it in excellence. They are certainly very beautiful both of them in their way—but *that* is divine.

It was in the volume containing her *Scenes and Hymns of Life*, that she first shewed any aptitude for the sonnet; and in the specimens there given she avoids, instead of subduing the difficulties of its construction, by preferring the illegitimate form. As recording her passing thoughts and reminiscences, these short poems are precious: one that she dictated on her death-bed, a few days before her departure, is touching and memorable. She had, indeed, previous to this time, acquired the habit of dictating her poems. It is recorded of her, that she would sometimes compose and perfect long passages, or even entire lyrics, and retain them in her memory many days before they were committed to paper. In this trait Mrs. Hemans is not singular; scarcely any versemonger but has this habit; and it is, indeed, one with many facilities of which the circumstance of the rhyme assisting the memory is not the least.

It has been said of the classic statues, that the shadow of Death blends dimly with the expression of them all: in classic studies, also, there is a tendency to acquaint the mind with melancholy. The taste of Mrs. Hemans was naturally of a classic character from the first; and how deeply imbued she was with the corresponding feelings, her Greek laments and other similar pieces abundantly testify. With the moral expansion of her genius, and the religious developement into which it ultimately blossomed, her sense of the nothingness of the temporal life, and her conviction of the treasures to be revealed by death, increased and

deepened—to such a degree, indeed, as to issue in a continuous aspiration towards the eternal—a perpetual desire for that more excellent state of being which is the solace of the pious. Mr. Chorley calls this feeling, “a morbid impatience of life;” we do not. It is the longing of hope yet unquenched; a foretaste of the world to come, quickening still as the spirit approaches the crown for which it has waited. Where does her biographer find anything morbid in her *Poet's Dying Hymn*? Why the stanzas end, “I bless thee, O my God!” Neither does she relieve her heart of bitterness as hating the world she is about to quit. O, no! It is in this affectionate style that she speaks of it:—

“And if this earth, with all its choral streams,
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,
And mountain sanctuaries for poets' dreams,
Be lovely still in my departing eyes,
'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
But that thy footprints in its dust appear—
I bless thee, O my God!”

She rejoiced now in dying, that “life's last roses to her thoughts could bring rich visions of imperishable spring.” On her very death-bed she sought to reconcile both worlds; and while aiming at heaven, was planning to erect a “Christian temple” on earth. We allude to an undertaking under that name, which had been suggested to her by a recent perusal of Schiller's *Die Götten Griechenlands*, and in which her purpose was to trace out the workings of passion, the struggles of human affection, through various climes and ages and conditions of life; and thereby to illustrate the insufficiency of any dispensation, save that of an all-embracing Christianity, to soothe the sorrows, or sustain the hopes, or fulfil the desires, of an immortal being whose lot is cast in a world of which the cares and bereavements are many. The *Antique Greek Lament* was intended to form part of this work. It was the only one of the designed series.*

And now what remains, fair reader, but that we bring this tribute to an end by gazing back awhile over the lovely landscape which, in passing through, haply we prized too lightly? We have done so, and as we trace the retrospect involuntarily exclaim, “Beautiful!” Yes, beauty, we repeat, was the presiding spirit of the genius of Mrs. Hemans. Beauty, not sublimity. The beautiful poetry of Greece might be supposed to have directed her earliest inspirations, as it clearly influenced some of her later efforts. It was this sense of the beautiful which prevented her diction, ornate and artificial as it was, from exploding in bombast. Restrained within the limits of the beautiful, she was equally preserved from the obscure as from the sublime. She shewed at one period, indeed, a tendency to German mysticism; but from this she was happily delivered by her instinct for the beautiful. Subsequently directed to the study of Wordsworth, by the same instinct, while she drank of the fountain of his living spirit, she nevertheless avoided the mean forms by which he was but too proud, in the audacity of genius, to communicate to the world its wonder-working influences. She learned to look at

* Mrs. Hemans died on Saturday, the 16th of May, 1835.

nature and man indeed with his eyes, but she preferred the noblest and most graceful types of both as the vehicles of her ideas.

The association of the names of Wordsworth and Hemans cannot fail to bring to our recollection the lamented Miss Jewsbury, by whom our poetess was first introduced to a love, if not to a knowledge of Wordsworth's works. This young lady, in one of her *Three Histories*, has left a portrait of Mrs. Hemans, under the name of Egeria, so exquisitely drawn that it would be a want of taste not to extract it here:—

“Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute, but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. She was lovely without being beautiful; her movements were features; and if a blind man had been privileged to pass his hand over the silken length of hair that, when unbraided, flowed round her like a veil, he would have been justified in expecting softness and a love of softness, beauty and a perception of beauty, to be distinctive traits of her mind. Nor would he have been deceived. Her birth, her education, but, above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic—in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life; it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with ‘a golden finger.’ Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible and distasteful to her; her knowledge was extensive and various, but, true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, coloured all her conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound: there was no room in her mind for philosophy, or in her heart for ambition; one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections: these would sometimes make her weep at a word; at others, imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a ‘falcon-hearted dove,’ and ‘a reed shaken with the wind!’ Her voice was a sad, sweet melody; her spirits reminded me of an old poet’s description of the orange tree, with its

‘Golden lamps hid in a night of green;’

or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if, in her depression, she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe and describe for ever, but I should never exceed in portraying Egeria: she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman—the Italy of human beings.”

Nothing much can be added to these delightful sentences, and the little that may be ventured must be in the way of corroboration, not of controversy. The character of Mrs. Hemans was exclusively poetical; and in recompence for her undivided devotion, the muse enabled her to become more than the Sappho of England. That she is our greatest lyric poetess can no more be doubted than that Joanna Baillie is our greatest dramatic one. The result is owing to the same cause in both cases—exclusive pursuit of the one art and branch of art. Nay, this exclusion goes further than the mere abstraction from other studies; it demands a retirement from the world. “Retire! The world shut out, thy thoughts call home” is its grand precept. There is a popular but a false notion too prevalent, that to persons of genius a knowledge of the world, as it is called, is, in these times particularly, essential. Publishers have been taught to look with distrust on any aspirant who is not osten-

sibly mingling in society. The candidates for authorship accordingly haste to London, seek with avidity its dissipations, and engage in feverish competition for introduction to conductors of periodicals and bibliopoles of all degrees. And this, as Miss Jewsbury, who herself fell a victim to the mode, observes, is done at an age in which experience is deficient. "It is the ruin," she exclaims, "of all young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprise. Some never awake to the consciousness of the better things neglected; and if one, like myself, is at last seized upon by a blinded passion for knowledge and for truth, he has probably committed himself by a series of jejune efforts—the standard of inferiority is erected, and the curse of mere cleverness clings to his name. I would gladly burn *almost* everything I ever wrote, if so be that I might start now with a mind that has seen, read, thought, and suffered something at least approaching to a preparation. Alas! alas! we all sacrifice the palm tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst."

This point of view is of such great importance that we must dwell upon it a little longer. Genius is essentially of an unworldly character, and can, indeed, only manifest itself by coming into contrast with convention. It must either disobey the laws proper for the multitude, or announce higher rules of conduct, else how can it distinguish itself from the crowd? These elements of character, which produce the intense individuality that marks every person of genius with some trait of egotism, are only to be nurtured in seclusion. Collision with the world rubs away peculiarities, and brings the candidate for honour into conformity with the common custom. He becomes one of a class; his soul is no longer like a star, and dwells apart, but is lost in the equal radiance which he shares with others. This was not the case with Mrs. Hemans. The seclusion in which she always lived enabled her to indulge those little eccentricities which made her seem so strange to the Liverpool coteries, and for which the Dublin critics seem to have no allowance. She retained thus the freedom of her mind, and the privilege of acting as she would. And though condemned for the greater part of her life to write for magazines, still, happily, she was saved from the bitterness of contention, and the evil of prescribed tasks. Her subjects were chosen by herself, and her mode of treatment was at her own option. As a matter of prudence, she conformed to the laws of exhibition, and endeavoured to outbid her competitors in the academy; but if, for her, another mode of publication could have been found, and this expediency avoided, it would have been better for her fame, and increased the value of her works.

LORD BROUGHAM AND EDUCATION.

THE enunciation of some *divine principle* of truth (says Coleridge) is the necessary *propositum* of all disquisitions of a philosophical order. That divine principle, then, becomes the text of a commentary, whose arguments and illustrations perpetually receive and

impart vigour and impressiveness from their relation to the eternal verity from which they sprung. The fountain-heads and well-springs of truth are thus aggrandized and enriched by the majestic streams that issue from them, and the streams acquire no less of dignity from their celestial sources. The parental and the filial elements of nature are thus connected in imperishable harmony, each rejoicing in the other's developement, and glorying in the other's effulgence.

It may not, therefore, be unreasonable, if we somewhat elaborate a divine principle even at the commencement of a secular essay like the present. It is not unimportant to consider something of the true nature of *greatness* in character and conduct, ere we enter on the subject of education, whose purpose is to make all beings as *great* as they can become. Such is the natural ambition of the human soul—such is the unquenchable desire after the augmentation and expansion of all we are and have, that it intensely concerns us to know wherein true greatness consists, for after *greatness*, of some form or other, the longings of all hearts are culminating, and any mistake on the point is fraught with immeasurable mischiefs.

Where, then, shall we find the test of that species of greatness—the only real and proper greatness, indeed—of which sound education is no more than the nurse and handmaiden. That best, sincerest greatness is, doubtless, in *divinitude*, and nothing less. It subsists in what is *divine*, and nothing less than divine. It is that which approximates man to God, and makes him a god himself; and therefore has Scripture entitled them gods to whom the Word of God came in the omnipotence of its energy. It makes them god-like, by developing all that is divinest in their natures, and dissipating all that is inconsistent with absolute perfection. A vast and ennobling doctrine is this; the doctrine which all the theologic initiations of the church, all the theosophic initiations of the lodge, have been for ages striving to teach mankind. They would, indeed, unfold to his conscience the first axiom of transcendental science—"that God was, is, and shall be the all in all." They would shew him that man was created for union with God; that Deity is the only fixed centre and home towards which intelligible natures can converge, and that if this should fail, "the pillared firmament is rottenness, and earth's base built on stubble."

This divine theory, which the æsthetic school of philosophers has been of late years so sedulously cultivating, gives rise to an axiom the most practically valuable, namely, that *the only true goodness is the only true greatness*, and *vice versâ*, the terms being correlative and the ideas inseparable. If there is any truth more conspicuous than another in the volume of inspiration, it is this. It is the truth which the character of the Divine Saviour of mankind perpetually enforces. The unparalleled greatness of Christ's character consists in his unparalleled goodness. There is an *infinite virtue* in the character of him who went about doing good, which, to our idea, gives him an *infinite greatness*, before which angels themselves may bow down in adoration. And it must needs be that the highest goodness is the highest greatness, just because goodness implies that

conscience and our noblest faculties are strenuous and domi-
native, that they support their just superintendence over all inferior
passions and establish a triumphant harmony through the entire
system of our being. When a man has passed through such expe-
riences he is divinely and catholically great; he has known and
conquered himself, and he is stronger who conquers himself than he
who takes a city. Such a man is great, even like Socrates, though
in the humblest walks of life, amidst poverty, contempt, and perse-
cution. The man who has not passed through such experiences, is in-
evitably little, miserably puny, despicably insignificant, though he
be an Alexander or a Bonaparte. He is insignificant, because his
loftier moral faculties have been sacrificed to his lower appetites;
he is a slave to the meanest part of himself; he despises himself
most cordially, amidst the splendours of external prosperity; he is
not the less conscious that he is the paltry puppet of accident, while
he sits on the throne of the world.

The more society rises in the moral and intellectual estimation of
greatness, the more will it unlearn the false notions still prevalent
on the subject: more earnestly will men strive to direct their ambi-
tion to the eternal and immutable morality which distinguishes all
sterling greatness from all counterfeit greatness. For the sake of
the former, which is essential, immortal, and invisible, will they
reject the latter, which is little better than the gorgeous disguising
of a midnight masquerade.

It is precisely thus with that kind of greatness called *power*.
The highest power is the highest goodness, and the highest goodness
is the highest power. Exactly in proportion as power becomes evil
it becomes weak, and ceases to be power, properly so called. This
will appear more forcibly if we test it by the character of the
Divine Being. God is the strongest just because he is the best.
Goodness is essentially stronger than evil, and truth than falsehood.
Here lies the delusion of the fallen archangel and those souls that
follow his centrifugal attractions. In their ambition for power
they forget that power and goodness are intrinsically homogeneous.
By seeking to disconnect them, every imaginary accession of power
IS a real accession of weakness.

An old divine has well expressed the most important rule and
solved the apparent paradox. We allude to Jeremy White, the
chaplain of Cromwell. In his admirable work on the restoration of
all things, he says, "The power and goodness of God are insepa-
rable, and one in all. Those mighty acts of his power are, indeed,
but so many expressions of his love and goodness; whereas all
wickedness is weakness. The root of all power is goodness, the
terms of all power are the same goodness; whereas all wicked-
ness is weakness. It is no expression of health and strength,
but the height of distemper and weakness, for a man to overpower
all that are about him and to offer violence to himself and them.
'Tis a rule *posse malum est non posse*, power to evil is imbecility, it is
not properly power but impotency. We may think sin an act of
power and freedom, but it is indeed weakness, servitude, bondage,
and slavery; for God who is omnipotent—the mightiest and truest

agent—cannot sin. It is like the paralytic's motion, it pretends to nimbleness and agility, but it is a weak, crazy, and sickly thing.

The same refulgent verity has been re-echoed by Channing across the Atlantic. In his unrivalled essay on the Moral Character of Napoleon, he enunciates precisely the same sentiment. "The time is coming (says he), its signs are visible, when this long-mistaken attribute of *greatness* will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those, who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, and writings, have left imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind. Among these will be ranked, perhaps, on the highest throne, the *moral and religious reformer*, who truly merits that name, who rises above the spirit of his times, who is moved by holy impulse to assail vicious establishments, sustained by fierce passions and inveterate prejudices; who rescues great truths from the corruption of ages; who, joining calm and deep thought to profound feelings, secures to religion at once enlightened and earnest conviction; who unfolds to men higher forms of virtue than they have yet attained or conceived; who gives brighter and more thrilling views of the perfection for which they were framed, and inspires a virtuous faith in the perpetual progress of our nature. Among these legitimate sovereigns of the world will be ranked, the *philosopher*, who penetrates the secrets of the universe, and opens new fields to the intellect, who spreads enlarged and liberal habits of thought, and who helps men to understand that an ever growing knowledge is the patrimony destined for them by the Father of Spirits. Among them will be ranked the *statesman*, who, escaping a vulgar policy, rises to the discovery of the true interests of a state; who understands that a nation's mind is more valuable than its soil; who inspirits a people's enterprise, without making them the slaves of wealth; who looks for his glory to posterity, and is mainly anxious to originate and give stability to institutions, by which society may be carried forward."

We have stated this rule of *greatness* the more definitely and pointedly, because it affords an invaluable test of the characters and conduct of men. It is, indeed, eternal and abstract; but it is not the less temporal and practical. It serves us as an infallible criterion, whereby to measure men and measures. Though no man during his earthly life can ever quite come up to so august a standard; yet many men of noble spirits have risen to a considerable height in the scale, and just in proportion as they have risen they have become great.

By such a test, adjudicating, aye, even by such a test, loftily as it soars above all vulgar estimates, shall we venture to declare Lord Brougham a *great man*? We speak not of mere political or literary notoriety; but is he a great man in the better sense of the word? Without hesitation we answer *he is*; and take him for all in all, perhaps the greatest man left of his age. We assert this rather with reference to the entire course of his past life, than any particular portion or section of it. Men must be judged rather by the total scope and bearing of their character and conduct, than from the particular phases and modifications they may happen to present

at some brief period of time and transitory concatenations of circumstance.

We believe that the key to Lord Brougham's character and conduct, during the successive stages of his dazzling career, will be found in the habit of generalisation, which seeks to embrace all the developement of truth. In this respect we think Lord Brougham has especially resembled Cicero, who was that to Rome which his Lordship is to Britain: indeed, so close has been the general analogy between these illustrious men, that it would be no difficult thing to draw a parallel between them, more exact than any on the page of Plutarch. His Lordship's life has been but a brilliant illustration of that syncretism which Middleton declares to have been the favourite system of the Roman orator. He evinces, beyond all contradiction, the fact that Cicero preferred the eclectic philosophy of the academic Platonists, to that sectarian dogmatism which prevailed among the Stoics, Peripatetics, Epicureans, and other partisans. "Thus (says Cicero, Acad. 2, 3), we preserve our judgment free and unprejudiced, and are under no necessity of defending what is prescribed and enjoined to us. Whereas all the other sects of men are tied down to certain doctrines before they are capable of judging what is best, and in the most infirm part of life, drawn either by the authority of a friend, or charmed by the first master they may happen to hear, they form a judgment of things unknown to them, and to whatever school they chance to be driven by the tide, cleave to it as fast as the oyster to the rock."

It is the very nature of all truly generous spirits to culminate towards this divine doctrine of union. They rise through sect after sect, proving all things and holding fast that which is good. In each of those sects and parties with which they may awhile co-operate, they find we know not what of narrow-mindedness and bigotry that astonishes and disgusts them. And thus, by the strong necessities of their nature, they are raised to sublimer spheres of syncretism and coalition, in which all that is finest and purest may flourish without molestation.

We regard this as a divine and irreversible law, which binds all consciences and influences all souls. It operates like a vast centripetal attraction on the metaphysical world. It draws free-born spirits upwards from the divisional to the unitive, from the partial to the universal. We have seen all the noblest genii of our age, acting in obedience to this law, approaching, in their several orders and degrees, to the doctrine of syncretism, and gradually weaning themselves from the hallucinations of the sects and parties that sometimes entangled them. We have called this inevitable experience,—inevitable because all minds must, sooner or later, learn this lesson in the progress of their eternal developement. We have seen it working, and that with no feeble agency, on Coleridge, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Wellington, Canning, Peel, Mackintosh, Sidney Smith, and Robert Hall, men with talents no less various than refulgent, yet all with admirable consent bearing testimony against the excessive sectarianism and partisanship which hurries our institutions into ruin.

We think that Lord Brougham has been, according to his own

declaration, consistent to the great cause of philanthropy and patriotism, when he has been most inconsistent to the cut and dried prescriptions and formalisms of party. Had he been consistent to party we should not write of him thus, for he would not then have been a great man, but a little one. His greatness lies in that very independence of thought and conduct, whereby he has distressed and disappointed all the parties who wished to make him their exclusive property. Had he humoured and truckled, fawned and cajoled, and lied through thick and thin, after the fashion of a staunch partisan, he would have been simply despicable and unworthy a philosophic notice.

If we understand Lord Brougham's theory of the British Government and constitution (for he has not always expressed himself very distinctly), it resembles Guizot's. If we are not mistaken, he conceives the British monarch to be rather a syncretic than a sectarian character—the common parent of all sects and parties, rather than the devotee of either exclusively. He would probably be glad to see a syncretic government, or a ministry of a representative character, composed of our best statesmen without that detestable reference to party, which has spoilt so many administrations. He has sometimes appeared to favour the theory of those who would restore, under a Lord High Chancellor, the syncretic convocation, or ecclesiastical parliament, composed of the leading representatives of the Jewish, Papalist, and Protestant Churches within the land. In such an assembly, perhaps, the lords spiritual would be more fitly collocated than in the secular house of lords. But whether these changes are ever carried or not, certain it is, that the eclectic theory of the constitution is very rapidly gaining ground among us. There is no doubt whatever that the angel of catholicity is rising, and the demon of sectarianism falling. Men are in all directions becoming convinced that the only philosophical form of government which can permanently suit a vast and complicated empire, is that which extends equal patronage to the various sects and parties of the population. The accumulated and pent-up tide of public opinion is bearing down with the momentum of an avalanche, on all kinds of monopolies, however dignified be their names and titles. The old cosmopolitan liberality is reviving, like a phœnix from its ashes, and all exclusive establishments will be stripped of their exclusiveness, and be revered for their intrinsic merits, as parts of one illimitable whole.

So strongly is this spirit urging us forward, that divers of the clergy themselves are beginning to assume more and more of the Catholic character, which will gradually produce a pure International Church.

In proportion as any given church or chapel becomes syncretic does it become a centre of divine light for sectarians of all descriptions. But if it be sectarian itself, it lies in so degraded and painful a condition, that it is compelled to flatter the few at the certainty of disgusting the many.

But it is especially with relation to Lord Brougham's educational schemes that we here write. We believe that his lordship is entitled to a degree of national gratitude for his exertions in this cause,

which he has not yet received, nor, indeed, ever will receive, till the rabid animosities of sect and party are mitigated. We conceive that his lordship very early took a noble and lofty view of the importance of extending education among all classes of the people. He did so because he knew that in proportion as sacred and secular literature became familiar to the people, in that proportion would they improve.

Lord Brougham's scheme of Education, which has been in some measure adopted by the government, carries out the principle of syncretism, being of a coalitionary or mixed order. It is the duty of every paternal government, says his lordship, to provide biblical and secular instruction for all the people. Let that Government confer degrees, institute colleges, and private professors of biblical divinity;—let the examination of such candidates for theological orders of this kind be purely biblicistic;—let the examiners be satisfied that they are well instructed in scripture, and let their ordinations be simply scriptural. In this way you may gradually raise an invaluable body of theological instructors, free from the trammels of sects. This is Blackburn's plea, in his celebrated "Confessional." "By adopting any lower ritual than the Bible itself," says he, "you do not make professors of theology as a Catholic and universal science, but you merely make professors of sectarianism." If you ordain a man by the ordination-services of Jews, Papalists, or Protestants, you make him a priest of one particular sect: and the mischief is, that such a sectarian priest will never satisfy any other sect than that he happens to belong to, the sects being essentially antagonistical, and always suspicious of each other.

Here, doubtless lies the very nucleus of the desideratum. It is, gradually to establish a sufficient number of professors of biblical theology,—a theology which includes all that is true in Judaism, Papalism, and Protestantism, without partaking of the errors of either. The intense difficulty of this question arises from the simple fact, that we have thrown the science of theology into a false position. We have no professors of theology as a Catholic science, but only professors of particular sections and phases of it. How would it fare with the science of medicine, if thus treated, if, instead of professors of medicine, considered as a Catholic science, our M.D's. were all to be classed into rival hostile partisans, under the names of antagonist leaders. The consequences would be disagreeable in the extreme; and in their zeal for their clique, our lives would be sacrificed.

Such is the degraded and mutilated state in which theology exists among us. If we could raise a few such men as Grotius, Selden, and Coleridge, as professors of a biblical theology infinitely superior to anything merely sectarian; to such professors and teachers would all men flock, and send their children without fear or partiality.

Our Government has given of late some indications of approximating to this syncretic theory. It has been more than once elo-

quently pleaded in that admirable work, entitled "The Educator," just published by the Central Society of Education, consisting of Prize Essays, by Messrs. Lalor, Heraud, Higginson, Simpson, and Mrs. Porter. But though the syncretic theory of education, which would tend to harmonise sects and parties, has been rapidly spreading over the continent, we fear society is scarcely illumined enough at home to admit of much being done. The philanthropic and patriotic designs of the Queen and her Ministers have hitherto been frustrated, by the excessive virulence of sects, all of whom demand monopoly for themselves, and deny it to others.

It appears, therefore, to us, that Government must take its time, and introduce such improved forms of education as the age will bear. If it find that its efforts to patronise coalitionary schools, in which the Bible should be recognised as the great bond of union, without reference to sectarian commentaries, are rejected, let it extend that patronage to the subsisting schools of the different sects considered apart and make the best of them. By such patronage the Government will infuse a more enlightened, a kindlier spirit among Roman Catholics. It is infinitely better they should be well instructed in the Douay version of the Bible, notwithstanding its indefensible notes, than in no Bible at all; for, in proportion as the knowledge of the scripture prevails among the Papalists, will all their delusion and bigotry disappear. Let the Government likewise, by all means, patronise the established clergy, but at the same time do all it can to disabuse them of their favourite notion of exclusive monopoly; nor let it be less generally disposed to favour many of those dissenting establishments, which are of eminent service in the state, so long as they keep within the bounds of peace, charity, and submission.

Such have been a few of the ideas that have arisen in our minds, while perusing a pamphlet which his lordship has just written, entitled "A Letter on National Education, addressed to the Duke of Bedford." The eloquent author protests that he still remains unshaken in his principles. In fact, the vast deal that he has already done in raising great educational institutions in the face of vehement opposition, has rather invigorated than exhausted his unconquerable energies. We are glad to find that his lordship has granted the point that Henry Melvill has been so magnificently pleading from the pulpit, namely, the vast superiority of Biblical education to secular instruction. The only question, therefore, is, how far it is best for government to extend Biblical education in coalitionary schools, or in sectarian schools. Now, much as we value the principle of the coalitionary schools, and confidently as we expect a period when such schools will become prevalent, it appears to us that the people are not yet prepared to appreciate them. The interest of the Government is, therefore, not to give the people the best system of schools, *in natura rerum*, but the best that the prejudices of the people will bear. We therefore conceive that much of the patronage which might be bestowed on coalitionary schools (by which we mean those that embrace Papalists, Pro-

testants, and Dissenters), will be usefully employed in augmenting and improving the sectarian schools belonging to these several religious parties, giving them all equal favour and no monopoly.

Such we conceive to be the practical bearing of Lord Brougham's arguments, in the tract under notice, which we will illustrate by a few quotations.

"My plan (says his Lordship) embraces Religious Instruction; the Bible is ordered to be taught in every school of every description, founded, or extended, or visited, or in any way holpen under the proposed Act. But if the scriptural teaching were objected to, rather than the people should not be taught, I should infinitely prefer a merely Secular Education to none at all; and prefer it with a view to Religious Instruction itself; nay, even if no religious instruction were to follow; because who can doubt that it is far better the people should be taught something good than not taught at all? Therefore I am clearly of opinion, that the Church is altogether wrong, even with a view to the attainment of its own objects, the bringing up children in Church principles; and that she is far more likely to spread her own doctrines and discipline, by encouraging mere secular instruction, without any intermixture of spiritual, than by leaving children wholly untaught."

"Such is my confidence in our principles. I will not allow what I am so far from believing, that there exists any doubt upon the sovereign virtue—the supreme efficacy, of the great remedy—the universal medicine—which we would administer to cure all the worst ills under which the politic body labours. They who are so apprehensive of a sect they disapprove interfering with the Education of the people, confess by their fears that knowledge has not those qualities which their mouth-praises ascribe to it. They shrink from a trial of their principles, after professing they will stand any test. They would have their pupils shun the combat, after pretending that they had trained them to fight. They treat knowledge as monks do virtue, when they are so fearful of going wrong that they avoid all chance of doing right,—have but one way of avoiding defeat, which is by not combating,—and, burying themselves in the cloister, confess that they are unable to resist and overcome the temptations of the world. Such narrow, such selfish virtue in them is not more preposterous than the timid conduct of some educators. Why will they not trust in the power of knowledge to destroy all fetters,—its elastic resistance to all compression,—its essential incompatibility with all undue submission,—its resistless force to raise up the prostrate understanding, and keep it alive and erect? Let the priests of the sect I most widely differ from,—let the Romish zealots,—let the Jesuits themselves,—but teach secular learning on a large, as they once did ably on a small scale, and I will defy them for any length of time to bow down the human intellect, either to the glaring absurdities of their faith, or to the slavish submission which in temporal matters they too often would inculcate. You can no more nourish the mind with 'the food that is convenient for it,' and stunt its powers of self-liberation, than you can feed the body and prevent it from waxing strong."

“ But if certain individuals have not discharged that duty, if they have planted no schools where the habits of virtue may be induced, stretched forth no hand to extirpate the germs of vice—they have kept open other schools where vice is taught with never-failing success—used both hands incessantly to stifle the seeds of virtue ere yet they had time to sprout—laid down many a hot-bed where the growth of crime in all its rank luxuriance is assiduously forced. *The Infant School languishes*, which a paternal government would have cherished; but *Newgate flourishes*—Newgate, with her thousand cells to corrupt their youthful inmates; seducing the guiltless, confirming the depraved. *The Infant School is closed*, which a paternal government would have opened wide to all its children. But the Penitentiary day and night yawns to engulf the victims of our step-mother system; the Penitentiary where repentance and penance should rather be performed by the real authors of their fall. *The Infant School receives no innocents* whom it might train or hold fast to natural virtue; but the utterly execrable, the altogether abominable Hulk, lies moored in the face of the day which it darkens, within sight of the land which it insults, riding on the waters which it stains with every unnatural excess of infernal pollution, triumphant over all morals! And shall civilised, shall free, shall Christian rulers, any longer pause, any more hesitate, before they amend their ways, and attempt, though late yet seriously, to discharge the first of their duties? Or shall we, calling ourselves the friends to human improvement balance any longer, upon some party interest, some sectarian punctilio, or even some refined scruple, when the means are within our reach to redeem the time, and to do that which is most blessed in the sight of God, most beneficial to man? Or shall it be said, that between the claims of contending factions in Church or in State, the Legislature stands paralysed, and puts not forth its hand to save the people placed by Providence under its care, lest offence be given to some of the knots of theologians who bewilder its ears with their noise, as they have bewildered their own brains with their controversies? Lawgivers of England! I charge ye, have a care! Be well assured, that the contempt lavished for centuries upon the cabals of Constantinople, where the Council disputed on a text, while the enemy, the derider of all their texts, was thundering at the gate, will be as a token of respect compared with the loud shout of universal scorn which all mankind in all ages will send up against you, if you stand still and suffer a far deadlier foe than the Turcoman; suffer the parent of all evil, all falsehood, all hypocrisy, all discharity, all self-seeking, him who covers over with pretexts of conscience the pitfalls that he digs for the souls on which he preys, to stalk about the fold and lay waste its inmates—stand still and make no head against him, upon the vain pretext, to soothe your indolence, that your action is obstructed by religious cabals—upon the far more guilty speculation, that, by playing a party-game, you can turn the hatred of conflicting professors to your selfish purposes!

“ Let us hope for better things. Let us hope it through His

might and under his blessing, who commanded the little children to be brought unto Him, and that none of any family of mankind should be forbidden: of Him who has promised the choicest gifts of His Father's kingdom to those who, in good earnest, love their neighbours as themselves!"

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

No. VIII.—CECILIA ALFORD.

I AM not over-fond of love-stories—they have a sickly and unwholesome flavour, so it seems to me, except indeed to very young ladies, who are also, no doubt, partial to every sort of sweet and luscious thing, from barley-sugar, French bons-bons, and English macaroons, up to French romances, Moore's "Love-songs," and Pope's "Epistle from Heloise to Abelard;" yet have there some few simple and affecting details fallen in my path, under my own eye, of sincere and constant affection—one that has stood the ordeal of time, change, and circumstance, and has come out of all these so pure and holy a thing—that I cannot resist the pleasure of copying, and giving them a place amongst my "Remembrances," believing them to be of so sacred and salutary a character, that they are fit for the perusal of both young and old.

I was requested by Lady Pelham, a most sincere friend and well-wisher of mine, to give my services to a young and fair creature, for whom she was much interested, who shortly expected to become a mother, though only in her eighteenth year; but who had unfortunately married a man totally devoid of principle—a professed rake—a notorious gambler—and a cold heartless spendthrift.

I found the youthful Mrs. Alford in a very small, elegant cottage, at Richmond, provided for her accommodation by her distant relative, the aforesaid humane Lady Pelham; who had furnished me with the abstract of her protégée's history, and had taken upon herself all the expenses of her accouchement, including the amount to be paid to myself, for my attendance on her.

The carriage of this kind, considerate lady, was actually crammed with necessaries and comforts from her own infants' wardrobe, and her store closet, as she took me there herself, and left me with her friend—every thing she could think of for her use, was put in—every pocket in the carriage was full. "Poor Cecil!" said this excellent lady, when we reached Richmond—"So young! so indulged by an idolising father! so accustomed to every luxury! to be abandoned thus in her hour of trial, by the cruel profligate for whom she has sacrificed every thing valuable to her in life; even the sanity and very existence of her doting father! Be careful of this dear, unfortunate, but misguided girl, I beseech you," added my conductress, "and do not let her feel, if you can help it, the sting of dependence—let her want for nothing; and pray try to keep up her spirits: let her hope for better days. I shall soon pay you both a

visit ; but I do not mean to alight from the carriage to-day." I saw the motive for this omission : she was too delicate to go into the presence of Mrs. Alford, accompanied by such a host of presents as she had brought her, fearing it might wound her feelings. She left me to make use of them when they were needed, without the parade and ostentation of mentioning them at all to herself.

Inexpressibly touching was the melancholy look, not to say anguish, imprinted on the pale beautiful features of the young forsaken one. There was a hopeless dejection about her clear hazel eyes, which went straight to the heart and caused the tenderest pity. Blighted in her very earliest bloom ! abandoned by him she had trusted, at the hour when she needed every support and sympathy—left destitute by the father of her unborn child ; by him who only a twelve-month back, had, all ardour and full of protestations, stolen her from her parent's protection, hurried her to Scotland, and become, to all appearance, her most affectionate husband. From my very heart I pitied her !

There is not room enough in a small cottage for much ceremony, so I sat entirely with Mrs. Alford, in her little parlour, whilst the only servant (one hired by Lady Pelham) waited on us. The young lady saw no doubt the deep interest I felt for her, and she told me herself the story of her ill-fated marriage with Captain Alford ; who, hearing that she was an only child and an heiress, had, without any previous introduction, obtruded himself upon her notice in her walks about her father's house ; had bribed the servants to convey letters to her ; and had, by means of a fine person, and a most insinuating tongue, at length, child as she was, prevailed upon her to elope with him ; assuring her "that her father was certain to pardon them both when once the knot was tied."

"I do assure you," said the lovely penitent, "that I never should have taken this most imprudent step, so contrary to woman's delicacy (although I confess my girlish fancy was then set upon Captain Alford), never could I have consented to have abandoned my beloved father so ungratefully, and throw myself into the arms of a handsome stranger, had it not been out of contradiction, and a kind of spite to my cousin Walter, who lived with us, and haunted Capt. Alford and myself in all our clandestine interviews. He had the hardihood to warn me against the man I thought was becoming attached to me, and he even threatened, that he should disclose to his uncle and guardian, my father, our secret meetings."

"Do so, sir ;" I answered with ineffable scorn, "and incur my everlasting hatred ! Yet think not to profit by your treachery ! Hope not that I will take you, a shapeless *hunch-back*, for my husband—much as my father wishes it—should you dare to interfere between me and my adored Alford ! No ! sooner would I wed the grave." These were the words I used, and I blush to own them.

"O Cecil !" cried my poor cousin, who had loved me from a boy, "be not so cruel and unjust ! I am not a selfish being : you know I am not. I am conscious of my own imperfections, and your (he was pleased to say) dazzling beauty ! It is not for myself I plead ; but let me conjure you, Cecil, by our relationship, and your father's grey hairs, throw not your precious self away upon a cold-blooded libertine ! a fortune-hunter—an adventurer ! I know his character."

"Anger sparkled in my eyes, as Walter named the man I imagined that I loved, "a libertine and fortune-hunter. 'Detractor!' Cowardly asperser!' I exclaimed, 'I will inform Captain Alford of your attack upon his character. He shall chastise you as you merit.'

"And I will confront him, Cecil,' answered poor Walter, with a courage I knew not before that he possessed. 'This form of mine is warped by the caprice of nature; but I have a heart—O that you knew its worth! Be not offended my sweet cousin; but if your lover had its counterpart, I would not thus oppose your union with him. Cecil, I do and will oppose your union with that man; you may *hate* me, but I will interpose myself, feeble as I am, between you; I will be a constant spy upon all your clandestine meetings; I will watch all your steps; steal like a feline animal upon your private haunts; break in upon your stolen interviews, and upbraid this dishonorable adventurer with the base part he is acting! Why does he not openly come forward? Why not bring his pretensions, whatever they may be, before your natural protector; and not, like a cowardly dastard as he is, seek to steal away an old man's darling child!'

"Mrs. Griffiths," continued the unhappy lady, "this resolution of his, spirited, kind, and convincing as it was, sealed my fate. The more assured I felt of the truth and nobleness displayed by my cousin; though in my secret soul, I could not refuse him this justice, so by far the more my anger was kindled against him; the more I was resolved to outwit his avowed watchfulness, and brotherly care of me; and, wayward fool as I was! try to out-general him also, although the stake was my own happiness!

"My cousin Walter had promised me, some time after, from a false notion of honor, that he would not betray me to his uncle; therefore the fearful game was confined between himself and me. We had many skirmishes, and a long battle; repeatedly he burst in upon our assignations, and insisted on it that Captain Alford should instantly depart; nor did Walter seem in the least moved by my bitter reproaches and cruel taunts, as he led me home, after these interruptions: congratulating both himself and me, that, for this time at least, he had saved me from my insidious enemy.

"What infatuated beings are we, Mrs. Griffiths, when we allow the worst part of our nature to have the ascendancy over us! I actually roused every faculty within me to action, as if I had been engaged in a work of the purest heroism; yet did the inward voice of conscience constantly remind me, that the course in which I acted, was totally unworthy of the energies I brought into the field against my kind-hearted and most candid opponent. When I had actually achieved my purpose, and in the dead of night (for his vigilance throughout the day was not to be evaded), when I found myself seated in a post-chariot, drawn by four horses, by the side of Captain Alford, on our route to Scotland, my first and keenest delight was, that I had out-manœuvred my poor cousin Walter, and proved to him that he was no match for me in stratagems and schemes. Well has Dr. Uwins written, 'That insanity prompts more than half of our words and actions! That it requires one half of our lives, to repair the follies and entanglements committed by us in the other half;'—but mine, alas! are irreparable."

"And did the delight you speak of, Madam, last long?" I enquired of Mrs. Alford. "Did you not think of your father?"

"Most bitterly," answered the lady, weeping: "before I had proceeded many miles, I found that *guilt* (and guilty surely was I), although 'sweet in the mouth,' is like gall when swallowed. All my poor father's doting fondness for me, came like the shadows of death over my mind! I pictured his agony when he should be informed of my flight with an utter stranger; his desolation at losing thus suddenly, and with such base ingratitude, his only child! I forgot my momentary triumph over poor Walter, in my pangs of remorse for my father's misery, and with streaming eyes, implored Captain Alford to restore me again, a penitent, to the arms of my only parent. His answer shocked both my delicacy and my tenderness: he only laughed at my 'change of humour,' as he called my awakening sense of duty; and by bribes to the postillions, caused them to drive the faster, jocosely saying, 'that the increased velocity of travelling would drive such *nonsense* out of my head.' At that moment I had an insight into his real character, and I revolted at the view.

"After we had been married by the functionary blacksmith, who in reality *riveted* the fetters that bound us together, as he would have manacled a felon, and with a coarse and begrimed hand; we proceeded at a slower rate to London, where the forms of a second and more legalised union were gone through; when Captain Alford immediately demanded, as my husband, the £20,000 left me without restriction by my maternal grandmother; half of which went at once to pay some debts of honor of his, as they are called, and other claims on him that, alas! shocked me still more; for I heard, not a fortnight after my ill-starred marriage, that my husband had a mistress whom he doted on, and three children her offspring. Then it was that I awoke to the full sense of my imprudence and shameful conduct to the best of fathers, and to the warnings of Walter Deerhurst, my most affectionate cousin.

"Overwhelmed with miserable convictions, I wrote a penitential letter to my wronged father; but it came too late. The knowledge of his child's elopement broke that tender heart; and although he still lived, he was sunk, they wrote me word, into a helpless state of fatuity, for ever calling on 'his Cecil,' and without any memory left of her cruel abandonment of his old age. In the first agony of his bereavement, and before this utter childishness came to blunt the edge of it, he had sent for his solicitor, and as a matter of precaution, to save his property from the hands of the harpy with whom I had connected myself, had settled every shilling of his wealth upon his nephew Walter; the estates he knew must go to him, as the next heir-male. And it is well he did so, for the fortune of Cræsus would not have been sufficient to supply the ever-craving wants of a professed gambler; for such is Captain Alford."

"I am glad to hear," said I, "that at any rate Mr. Walter Deerhurst is in possession of such vast property; for Lady Pelham told me, your father died very rich. He will never suffer his beloved cousin to want any portion of that wealth, which would have been her own but for the unfortunate step she took when little better than a child."

"No;" said Mrs. Alford, "never! my spirit cannot brook, after what has passed, being under obligations to my cousin Walter. I have

already rejected his repeated offers to assist me with haughty disdain. I may perish, and so may my unborn infant, when it sees the light; but to receive assistance from him: never; no, never!"

"And yet," I ventured to observe, after a lengthened pause, "Mr. Deerhurst acted towards you, even by your own account, Madam, with tenderness and nobleness. He saw you on the extreme verge of a precipice, and he tried to save you. Can you construe this to his disadvantage? Why not give him the melancholy satisfaction—all now that you can do—to contribute to your comfort."

"I would sooner plunge myself into yonder river, and lose the consciousness of all my misery at once, than afford Walter Deerhurst the triumph of conferring on me any benefit," exclaimed the perverse young lady, highly excited, with a flashing eye and burning cheek: "I intend, when I have got over this affair of mine, not to remain long a pensioner on the bounty of my relative, Lady Pelham. I shall put my child out to nurse, and go myself as a private governess."

I argued no longer with the beautiful, but still wayward Mrs. Alford; but I could not help thinking how totally unfit she was, in her ungovernable state of mind, so full of pride and obstinacy, to have anything to do with the sacred task of education. What principles of love and wisdom could she instil into the mind of a young child, from so baneful a source? All was turbid and unhealthy within the fountain of her own; how could she impart clear and living waters, or be the medium of communication between the Divine source of all good, and the little ones that might be entrusted to her care?

"I forgot to tell you, Mrs. Griffiths," said Mrs. Alford to me, with a pensive smile, and as if in atonement for the warmth of her late manner towards me; "I forgot to tell you, that after Captain Alford was informed that he would get no further portion with myself, now I was entirely disinherited, he threw off the mask at once, and dared to tell me 'That my twenty thousand pounds were but a small compensation for his having thrown himself away upon a little forward chit, who had run away with him, and proposed the scheme herself for her night elopement, which he like an idiot had acceded to.' The next day he had the audacity to invite his bold, painted, but handsome mistress to dinner, and to give her, in my presence, a beautiful pair of diamond bracelets,—a heir-loom in my family,—clasping them himself upon, as he said, 'the loveliest pair of arms that ever were encompassed by gems.'"

"And how did you act, Madam!" inquired I, looking up from my work into those dove-like eyes of hers, that boasted of two such opposite expressions; so soft, so tender, whilst in repose; so vivid, so indignant, so flashing, when under strong excitement. Never did I witness the *double* character, that so often, nay, so constantly dwells within us—the good and evil one—as in this lady, young and delicate as she was.

"Act!" replied Mrs. Alford, kindling again, as she spoke. "Why, as every insulted woman should act; I walked out of the room, with an appearance of calmness quite foreign to my bosom, went up into my chamber, packed up a few necessaries, and, as I had become, you know, now familiar with elopements, I went out, my parcel in my hand, unperceived, at the back of the house, wandered about amongst many streets, of which I knew not the name, and, at length, without any further design

than getting at some distance from the man I both despised and hated, threw myself into the Staines coach, by mere chance, and hired a little room in that town, in which to hide my aching head, my almost breaking heart."

"I rather think I must have been very ill, indeed," continued the lady, "whilst I was the resident of Mrs. Thompson's back room at Staines; but I have no recollection of it, nor am I quite clear as to how Lady Pelham found me out there: I rather think through the laundress, who had mentioned to the servants of that benevolent lady, who lives, you know, at Englefield Green, 'that some high personage or other was lying sick at her married daughter's at Staines, and they all thought she must have escaped from her friends, for she talked very wildly, and no one took any account of her; that her linen was of the very finest description, and her watch was set round with real diamonds.'

"To hear of distress and to seek its relief, is immediate cause and effect, you know, to Lady Pelham. She visited me; recognised me immediately as a relative, and took me home with her.—You know all the rest."

We were sitting on a garden chair, the next day after this conversation, close to the river Thames, and enjoying the evening breezes that were gently rippling the water, and agitating the branches of the trees around us, when a boat attracted our attention, returning from Twickenham, filled with a gay party, who had evidently been out pleasuring for the day, and had taken quite enough of wine, or spirits, to make them what is generally termed "*mad-merry*," or in a state bordering upon intoxication; when the wildest sallies are mistaken for wit, and the boisterous laugh is echoed from mouth to mouth, without any apparent cause for one. A flashy woman, with a plume of blue and white feathers, seemed to be the presiding deity of that party, and all the gentlemen were rendering her homage: one in particular exclaimed, convulsed almost with merriment, as the boat neared us, "Upon my soul, Bess, you will make us all die with laughter!—a capital joke that last of yours, by all that's jovial!"

Mrs. Alford laid her hand upon my arm, and turned exceedingly pale; in another moment the eyes of the gentleman who had thus spoken met hers, and in the succeeding one the boat was steered towards us, and the profligate Captain Alford and his dissolute company were actually "capering on shore;" the husband giving a stentorian "*whoop-halloo*," on recognising his lady, just as if he had unkennelled a fox, and, inviting them all in, to share in the hospitality of his "pretty little Richmond retreat," as he called the cottage, "just fit for a pair of turtles like himself and his tender mate," whom he caressed with a mixture of insult and mock gallantry, much to the annoyance of the buxom lady with the plume of feathers, who called out to him repeatedly, "Not to make a fool of himself; did he not see Mrs. Alford was not in a condition to be made fun of, and that the sooner they embarked again the better?"

Mrs. Alford was *not*, indeed, in a condition, as the rough pity of the woman asserted, to bear a part in such a scene as this. She was taken ill immediately, and, strange to say, so great is the mixture of good and evil within us all, the painted, bold-tongued, demirep, who was the mistress of the poor lady's husband, and had helped him to spend the last thousand of her money, shed real tears of compassion and regret, at wit-

nessing her sufferings; calling out to the unprincipled and unfeeling man, who was her protector, with a peremptory tone, which sobered him at once, "That he ought to be ashamed of himself, and not be making such a scandalous noise, when the poor injured young creature, his own true wife, might be dying, for what he cared, and his own legitimate offspring lost."

Whenever a demonstration of good feeling comes from the lips of those, whose habits and general character are bad, they strike one with uncommon force, and make, I think, a stronger impression than when uttered by the mouth of benevolence and practical virtue. If a blighted and lightning-struck tree, a ruin amidst its verdant neighbours, puts forth a single green bough, or even leaf, we speculate immediately on its appearance, and look on it with the highest interest, as a proof that *some vitality* is left within the scathed and blasted trunk. May not the merciful Father of the Universe, behold with pitying eyes, such signs of celestial growth; such solitary out-shoots of genuine feeling as this woman displayed, on witnessing the hapless situation of her she had ever considered as a rival?

By her agency the medical gentleman from Richmond was summoned to attend on Mrs. Alford:—by her influence the whole party were sent away, with the exception of the husband, who, awed and kept in check by the woman who had gained such complete ascendancy over him, sat himself down in the little parlour quietly and decently, awaiting the result of his wife's illness, whilst the woman made herself useful in a hundred ways, assisted the young servant to make some chicken-broth, and when the poor infant came, still-born, into the world, seeing that I could not leave the mother, who appeared expiring, she placed it herself in a warm bath, and saved its life; for it soon breathed there, and afterwards fell into a sound sleep.

The next morning, with a delicacy which perfectly astonished me, Mrs. Webster, as she called herself, finding that my poor patient was now likely to do well, would not disturb her with her own presence, but stole off privately to Richmond, without awakening even her paramour, who, she said, as she bade me adieu, "ought to stay some hours longer, and then, if he liked it, bring her word (and he knew where to find her) how the poor dear lady was, and her babe, who," she added, and she spoke again from the higher and better feelings of her nature, "I shall always love, poor thing! for I believe if I had not been here after Alford had frightened her so much, it never would have been a living soul."

The next morning Lady Pelham called upon us; and the conscience-struck husband shrunk away from her sight: he could not endure to face any relation of Mrs. Alford's, after his usage of her. Thus were we clear of all our unwelcome intruders, and everything went on well in our little cottage, considering what had passed, when a letter was addressed to me in an unknown hand, a few days after: it was from the aforesaid Mrs. Webster, and ran as follows:—

DEAR MADAM,

Do not tell the poor ill-used lady what I now write to you; but that villain Alford, her husband, has taken from me and his four poor children, every shilling he could lay his hands on, to carry to the gaming-

table; plundered us of all, and even has dared to stake *my person*, the mother of his children, for a hundred guineas, with one of his gambling associates, and has, he coolly tells me, lost his throw. But, faulty as I have been, and seduced from my honest home by the plausible tongue of this bad man, I am not so lost to shame, as to suffer myself to be *thrown for* with a box and dice! I leave England to-morrow for Ireland, taking all my children with me, and will cast myself at the feet of my father, and implore his pardon, which will not be denied me. May Heaven protect poor Mrs. Alford and the child, which I love as much as if it were my own. The captain of an Irish trading vessel gives me a passage, for I am his country woman, and never will I see England any more.

Your most sincere well-wisher,

JUDITH MAC CARTHY,
My real name.

A few days after, Captain Alford, or rather, Mr. Alford (for he no longer held a commission in his late Majesty's service, having lost it at hazard), came down again to our little retreat, claiming an asylum there for the night. He told us a most melancholy story of the depravity and ingratitude of Mrs. Webster, as he still called her; and swore she had decamped from him with an old major, after having stripped the house of every valuable, and sold the furniture to a broker. "So you see," cried he, with a heartless smile, "I am clear of her and her four brats at any rate; and mean now, for the remainder of my life, to devote myself, dear Cecil, to you. Pray order your little maid" (and he cast a disgusting leer towards her as she entered the room) "to lay out for me below-stairs, some of the contents of your larder; for I am, I assure you, devilishly hungry."

What could a poor young creature do, situated as Mrs. Alford was, in delicate health, and only a week after her confinement? Her depraved husband therefore installed himself into her pretty little home, devouring all the delicacies provided by the considerate Lady Pelham for his wife; whistling and singing about the house, notwithstanding my repeated rebukes for the noise he made; and at length I detected him trying to turn the head of our simple young servant Nelly, by the most absurd compliments on her beauty and her "sweet pretty ankle." Provoked at observing to what lengths this profligate libertine was going, when I caught him giving this same silly girl a kiss, as she brought in his boots after cleaning them, I very gravely took out of my pocket the letter of his late mistress, Judith M'Carthy, and assured him I would lay the whole contents of it before his wife, and her protectress Lady Pelham, if he dared to corrupt the innocence of the young servant, that lady had hired for the use of his cruelly treated wife.

"It would be a pity to do that," said the cool-blooded wretch, quite unmoved by the perusal of the letter, which I would not, however, trust in his own hands; "Cecil would by that means lose this little tidy box here, for her to roost in; and I, all the tid-bits I get here—What are we going to have for dinner to-day, Mrs. Griffiths? I thought I heard something about a roast pheasant; if so, I should like very much to have some *Reading sauce* in the gravy."

I muttered something about *impudence*, and *incorrigible*, and "rope

sauce;" as I left the room. On my way to the kitchen, to give some orders to the bewildered Nelly about this said pheasant, as well as some matronly cautions to her "to beware of Captain Alford," I had a note put into my hand by a waterman belonging to the river, who told me "a real gentleman, though rather a small one—but an undoubted gentleman, for he was as liberal as an emperor—had just given him half-a-crown, for promising to put that note into the hands of the tall, portly-looking lady, dressed in black silk, who was residing then at the cottage, and to take care not to suffer any one to see it so delivered."

"What can it mean?" said I, standing with the note in my hand, and gazing at the superscription, which was plainly enough to be read, and written in a very "genteel hand," as the footmen say of the cards that they sometimes take in. There was "Mrs. Griffiths, Chase-Cottage, Richmond," quite legible.

"I know nothing of the hand," continued I. "What sort of a gentleman was it who gave you this billet?"

"He gave me no *billet* at all ma'am," answered the man respectfully, "only that bit of three-cornered paper."

"Was he an old gentleman or a young one?" I asked smilingly, and still I turned the note over in my hand. I might have opened it at once, and solved the mystery; but somehow or other, people never do this simple and sensible act, until they have puzzled and racked their brains for some time to no purpose. What can occasion this stupidity? This is a problem I throw out *en passant* to metaphysicians and philosophers, for I cannot account for it.

"Was it an old gentleman or a young one?" I repeated, looking at the peculiar formation of the capital G at the commencement of my name, as if it had been an Egyptian hieroglyphic—it was certainly equally as unintelligible.

"A young one, I believe," answered the waterman; "that is, to judge by his features; but he had a sort of look about him, too, as if he had lived a hundred years; a look of pain and grief about his eyes; and then his shape was not over good, for all his clothes were the finest and the best. He was a little on one side I think, and his face was as pale as a *statue*."

"Thank you," said I; "I know no one of that description; but I suppose I shall learn something about it in the inside of this"—and the waterman jumped into his boat at the bottom of our little lawn, and shot down the river.

I did not open this note immediately, for Mrs. Alford had need of my assistance just then, and the infant seemed uneasy: but when the mother was composed, and the child asleep, I took from my pocket the "three-cornered" note, and read as follows:—

"Madam,—Lady Pelham has given me leave to address you, so I will not apologise. Although personally I am a stranger to you, I know your character from her. My name is Walter Deerhurst, and I am the nearest relation living of the unfortunate lady you at present serve. Madam, you know her history, but you are a stranger to my feelings; perhaps you may judge of them when I tell you, that I have the most unappeasable desire to hold in my arms for one brief moment—to press to my heart—*her* child!

"I ask nothing dishonourable of you ; but by that love you bear, and ever will bear, for *one now no more*, bring to me this precious infant of hers, carefully wrapped up however, so that it sustain no injury, the first evening that you think it advisable to take it into the open air. You will be sure to know me, *for there are very few, alas ! that resemble me in outward form*, and no doubt you have heard a description of my unfortunate person from Cecil herself ; but if I know anything of my own feelings, I have somewhat within this rough casket of mine that 'surpasseth show.' I am residing at Twickenham, and shall be constantly wandering, with a book in my hand, about your residence."

"Here is a pretty romance I am got into !" thought I, beginning to read the note over again, and becoming every moment more interested in the writer of it. "Poor fellow !" murmured I, "he loves his cousin, then, as intensely as ever, and by the simple, the almost poetic account of the waterman, must have suffered *an age* of sorrow in his youth by her imprudent conduct. What knows he, I wonder, of '*one now no more*?' Lady Pelham must have taught him to use that gentle artifice with me, knowing it must be a successful one. Yes, poor Walter Deerpurst ! you shall see and embrace the child of your first and only love ; and may the poor little unconscious girl, as she is pressed to your heart, take one pang from your faithful bosom !"

Although I had made up my mind to indulge Mr. Deerpurst thus far, yet I did not think it prudent to say one word about it to the lady. I fancied there would have been some indelicacy in naming it to her : perhaps, if the truth were known (for we very seldom fully understand the *entire* motive of what we do, so complicated is the spring of action within our minds) ; perhaps, if the truth were known, I was *afraid* to acquaint her of his application, and my intention of complying with his request, lest she should forbid me to indulge him ; for Mrs. Alford was, as I well knew by her own account of herself, although one of the sweetest and most captivating young creatures in the world, as wilful, wayward, and intractable as it was possible for any woman to be, when she liked : so I would not, as they say, *risk it*, but resolved I would gratify the poor young gentleman as early as I prudently could.

Captain Alford that evening asked me if I thought his lady had "any cash in the house ? I have not a single *rap* left," said he ; "and I want to go to town on particular business—your pheasant was dressed excellently, but I hate the flavour of your sweet mountain wine—only fit for ladies ; and you keep the brandy I observe, always upstairs. Just step up, Mrs. Griffiths, there's a good creature, and ask Mrs. Alford to send me down a sovereign."

"Mrs. Alford has not a single shilling but what she receives from Lady Pelham," I answered very gravely ; "and I think her ladyship would object to——"

"My spending her money, you would say," interrupted he. "I dare say she would ; but when she *has* given it to my wife, it becomes mine, you know. So I only civilly ask for one sovereign, when I might, if I chose, take all !"

"Monster !" I muttered between my teeth ; but the man heard me not, for he was picking his teeth at full length upon the sofa, and laying

his odious head upon a very pretty white casimere cloak and hood, trimmed with swan's-down, which Lady Pelham had sent down for the infant Cecil.

"Allow me to remove these things, sir," said I, with no very gentle tone; "you are *crushing* all the lace of the child's hood."

"What a fool that Lady Pelham must be," growled out the recumbent brute, "to lay out so much money for such trumpery! What matters it what a squalling infant wears? She had better have sent us the money that it cost."

"For you to spend," I could have said, but contented myself with taking up the things, and laying them carefully in the table-drawer of the room. I meant to use them that very evening, if circumstances would permit; so wished to have them ready.

"Mrs. Alford has but ten shillings in the house," said I, returning from her chamber: "she has desired me to bring them to you."

"Only ten shillings! I believe that to be a confounded lie," exclaimed the wretch, jumping up and pocketing them, however; "but this gewgaw here, which is quite unfit for our circumstances, will fetch something;" and he rolled up the pretty cloak and hood, grinned maliciously at me, thrust them into his coat-pocket, and nodding insolently, stalked out of the cottage.

"Something must be done to protect this poor lady from such outrage," cried I vehemently to myself; "she shall reside with me at Kensington, and I will see whether he dare to enter *my* doors." With this consolatory thought, I went up stairs, carefully concealing from Mrs. Alford the last brutal act of her husband.

With much agreeable feeling, tinctured I will allow with somewhat of romance, I folded one of my large shawls round the infant form of the little Cecil, and saying, "that I would take a little air that delicious evening on the banks of the Thames, towards Twickenham, if Mrs. Alford could spare me for an hour," I sallied forth with the sleeping babe in my arms, looking like a bit of wax-work, she was so delicately fair: and in lieu of the plundered hood, with its rich trimming of lace and swan's-down, I contented myself with putting on the infant, the prettiest lace cap I could find—one intended for its christening. I wished the child to look well.

I had not long to throw my searching eyes around for Mr. Deerhurst; I quickly recognised him sitting beneath a weeping willow, reading: whether by design he had chosen that mournful tree or not, I am unable to say. He perceived me in an instant, and his pale features became suffused in a moment with a crimson dye, which left them as soon, paler than before: he sprung from the ground, and exclaiming in a fine, low, musical voice, melancholy as the note of the nightingale, "This is most kind of you, Mrs. Griffiths! I thought I could have sustained this interview, so longed for, better than now I feel I shall do; but I am a nervous man, and a little out of health besides; you will not I hope, think the worse of me, for the violent emotion I am now betraying."

"Worse of you," repeated I, thinking of the brute who had just run off with his own child's little finery, for a throw at some game of chance, and of the great contrast between my present companion and him;

"Worse of you, Mr. Deerhurst! I honor, and I compassionate the feeling you now shew."

"I cannot look at *her* child this moment;" said the young gentleman, with a choked voice; "allow me an instant or two to collect my firmness."

"There is a seat yonder, beneath that elm," I answered, "I will sit down there and await your pleasure." As I proceeded I turned and beheld Mr. Walter Deerhurst take his cambric handkerchief from his pocket, and apply it to his eyes. In a very short time he rejoined me.

"Now for a sight of my poor cousin's offspring," said Mr. Deerhurst, with affected cheerfulness: "will you entrust her to my arms a moment?"

I handed to him the sleeping infant, and as the setting sun shone upon the place where we were sitting, and made it very warm, I opened the shawl a little, so that he might have a full view of its diminutive features, set off by the handsome lace which bordered its cap.

"Is it not a pretty little creature?" said I, "and see how exquisitely fair!"

"The complexion of its mother!" groaned out the agitated young man. "And is this Cecil Deerhurst's child! Part and parcel of her, who from a little lisping girl, I ever called 'my own;' and was promised she should be so, by her father, and my own ambitious hopes! God of infinite mercy! if this precious little one, had been *mine*, as well as her's! If thou had'st permitted me to be the husband of the one, the father to the other, it seems to me, that my happiness would have been too exquisite for my impassioned being. It would have been too much bliss for humanity!"

He seemed not now to be conscious of my presence, but gave way to a flood of long-repressed feeling, borne along by its own violence, over every obstacle.

"My Cecil's child! My Cecil's child!" he repeated many times, until exhausted with such extreme emotion; his head drooped upon his breast, over the infant, which I offered to take from him.

"Let me feel its little weight *here*—close to my heart another moment," said he, "*it does me good!*"

I acquiesced, and fully understood what comfort he derived, isolated as he was, and morbidly sensitive by nature, thus feeling the offspring of one so long and ardently beloved, lying on his breast—it was a portion of herself!

At length, rousing himself from the ecstatic state, in which he had been for full five minutes bound, with a touching and melancholy smile, he restored to me the infant, who opened her dark hazel eyes full upon him, just as he was parting with her.

"Thank God! she has her *mother's* eyes too!" exclaimed Mr. Deerhurst; "not those black, audacious ones, of — of — Captain Alford." He could not say the words '*her father.*' "You must indulge me sometimes again," he said; "indeed you must. Let me gaze upon those little orbs again; to me two worlds of speculation."

"I will see what I can do;" said I, "but now Captain Alford is down here; if ———"

"Here!" exclaimed poor Mr. Deerhurst, his fine eyes kindling with indignation—"Has the villain dared to profane with *his presence* the

sanctuary I—Lady Pelham I mean—has provided for her shelter? By Heaven!” and the whole man was changed—his nostrils became dilated; his bosom heaved; he clenched his hands in agony; and imprecations were no doubt in his heart, if not upon his tongue. “By Heaven!” he uttered convulsively, “that man shall give to me (now her nearest relative) an account for all his villany towards her. He shall perish by my hand.”

“And thus you will cut yourself off for ever,” argued I, laying one of my hands upon his arm, “of all possibility or chance of ever calling this beloved cousin of yours, your own. Destroy her husband with your hand, and you will place a barrier indeed between you! Leave him alone; his career cannot be long. Providence may have many happy years yet in store for you, if you bend in submission to his present will. Mr. Deerhurst, he cannot long live.”

“Blessings on you for that hope;” cried Mr. Deerhurst, “if hope I may dare to call it; but Mrs. — I mean my cousin Cecil, is so severe towards me! She will receive no obligation; hold no communication with me!”

“And, for that reason,” said I, “you may gather hope. Anger cannot exist without some interest, some latent spring far wide of indifference! That she respects you I well know; does you justice to the full extent; for I have heard her story from her own lips. Have patience Mr. Deerhurst, and leave your cause in the hands of Him, who planneth all things right.”

“Respects me! Does me justice!” repeated the enthusiastic young man, his countenance brightening until it became really handsome; pressing one of my hands within his own,—and very delicate, gentlemanly hands they were—“My dear Madam, you have given a thrill within my heart, which before felt palsied and cold. I will abide by your advice! Repress my indignation; encourage submission, patience; nay, even hope!”

“Do so, my dear sir;” I added, getting up to return to the cottage, “and I voluntarily promise to you, I will be your friend in this business; and I firmly believe that this wretched man, Captain Alford, will soon destroy himself by drinking. I mean to propose to Lady Pelham, that Mrs. Alford should reside with me at Kensington; so keep up your spirits, and be as tranquil as you can. In the mean time, I promise you another assignation soon with this young lady.”

“How is it possible,” I said to myself on my return home, “that the young, fair, and high-spirited Cecil Deerhurst, should have preferred the coarse-minded, vulgarly-handsome Captain Alford, whose conversation is full of equivoque and low punning, interlarded with unmeaning compliments, to this interesting cousin of hers, who is all intelligence, sensibility, and delicacy! who, although he has a little warp in his person, has such fine eloquent eyes, good teeth, and hair; besides, hands worthy of an Emperor. I shall never feel quite contented until he is made happy, and she partakes his felicity.”

“I have found out one secret by this interview,” I also thought; it slipped unawares from Mr. Deerhurst himself, although he tried all he could to draw it back. It seems that *he* then has provided all these comforts for his cousin, through the agency of Lady Pelham; seeing she

would not accept anything direct from himself—*Tant mieux* ; when she is made acquainted with all this hereafter, it will serve to melt down a little her proud rebellious spirit."

We saw nothing of Captain Alford for more than a couple of days ; and then he returned in a beastly state of intoxication, bringing with him some low fellow or other, one of his boon companions. He called out loudly for liquor, and actually bore off in triumph my last bottle of brandy, which I thought I had completely hid away from him. No remonstrances, or anger, could suppress the noise he was pleased to make, calling about him, with a Stentorian voice, for the very best the house afforded, and giving the details of his last night's adventures to me, at a certain public-house in Drury-Lane, where met a club I had never heard of until then. It is more than a hundred chances to one, that the reader knows as little of its existence, as I did up to that evening ; so, for curiosity's sake, I will relate what then by snatches I gathered, as I went in and out of the room.

It seems there is near Drury-Lane a public-house entitled *The Harp*, (not far from a larger one called the Antelope), where a certain set of men meet every night, who have been duly elected of the fraternity, named *par excellence*, *The Broken*. No one is eligible to be of that club, who has not once been in good circumstances, and moved in respectable society ; besides this, he must make oath on his admission, "That he is not worth a shilling in the world ; but that he is ready to beg, borrow, or steal from those who have one." I heard with astonishment that there were many lawyers, merchants, officers in both the army and navy ; and what shocked me more still, several decayed clergymen, who belonged to the order of *The Broken*, and spent their nights at the "Harp," drinking, when they could afford to pay for their liquor, as no trust is allowed them ; and sleeping upon the settles, chairs, and ground itself, when they have no bed to go to.

In this sink of infamy and wretchedness, all sorts of plans are formed amongst the members to cheat, and, as they call it, *humbug* the public. Every thing that can be spared from their dirty, unwashed persons, is sent to the pawnbrokers, that they may have "one jolly night at least," they say, "before their final exit."

Captain Alford and his present guest seemed highly delighted at some circumstance that had occurred the night before at *The Broken*, respecting a pair of boots ; and, as I was taking some sugar from the closet in the room where these two worthies were sitting, I lingered a little to understand something of the nature of it.

It seemed that a young man of good family but of most dissolute habits, had just joined this most respectable society, and had been induced by the club, to write a letter to a certain nobleman, his distant relation, asking for a sum of money, and declaring himself to be now "*reformed*."

The old lord, remembering well his kinsman's former tricks, and how often he had obtained cash by pleading *reformation*, yet willing to give him every chance for it, returned an answer, "that he would be happy to see him at dinner the next day, when they would talk over some plans for his advantage."

"What the devil am I to do now?" exclaimed the young profligate,

reading aloud this letter at "*The Harp*." "Dine with Lord C——! why I have not had a clean shirt these six weeks!"

"Pshaw!" cried Captain Alford, "I will lend you this I have on, which I only put on yesterday; but then you must give me a portion of your earnings."

"O certainly; but you must let me have your coat and waistcoat also," answered the hopeful youth.

"I am a better judge than that, Ned," cried the noble captain; "why we should never see your face again at '*The Broken*' if I trusted you so far as that!"

"Look at my shoes!" said Ned K——, despondingly; "they are quite out upon the ground, taking lunar observations: I must decline the invitation."

"Write to his lordship," urged another worthy member, "and tell him you cannot accept his kind offer, unless you have a new pair of boots; that you will not disgrace *his* relation before the servants."

"So, I will, by Jove!" cried he; "landlord! pen, ink, and paper."

The landlord demurred about the last article, so the pot-boy was sent to purchase a sheet of best "*Bath-wove*," and the note was dispatched, it seems.

"I fear this scapegrace is at his tricks again," said the worthy old nobleman, as he read this note, fumigated with tobacco and beer, and sealed with a button; "but I will try him; I will send him no *money*, for he is not to be trusted with it; but he shall have an order on Hoby for a pair of boots;" and a superb pair, did Master Ned of the Royal Club of "*The Broken*" get, which he put on in the shop, to the wonderment of the men in it, and strutted away in them to his favourite place of rendezvous, so that his brother "*Brokens*" might see and admire them.

All beasts of prey, when pressed by hunger, feed on each other; the wolves do it, at any rate, constantly; now, Captain Alford had but a few halfpence left in the world, so he coveted this handsome pair of boots, and began to toss for them with the possessor, but he lost every copper that he had, and gave them up as a bad job, which Ned, warming a little with the gin and water he had drank, paid for by Alford's money, began to wish for more, and, looking down at his *exchequer*, his splendid boots to wit, asked, in a swaggering tone, "Who would buy them of him?"

No one answered, for there was not cash enough amongst them all, but Alford called out at length, "I'll give *five shillings*, ready money, if they'll fit me."

"Try them on," said Ned, and he pulled them off his stockingless feet. "Give me five shillings down, and you shall have them. Landlord! a pint of whiskey on the strength of our bargain."

"Yes, a pint of whiskey," called out Captain Alford, also, and, seizing the boots, he seemed as if he meant to draw them on.

"Who has any bootholders?" exclaimed Captain Alford, running to the door with them in his hand. In one moment he was out of the house, over the way, and in another had pawned them for *fifteen* shillings, and returning immediately, threw down five of them upon the table, saying, "There, Ned K——, pick up your money; I have *sent*

the boots to be stretched;" and then followed the loud exulting laugh, at his own dexterity—and I left the room disgusted.

"Have you any *flats* in the house?" enquired this wretch, putting his head into his wife's apartment.

"*Flats?*" answered I, for she either did not, or would not hear him; "I know not what you mean, Captain Alford."

"Not know that *flats* are cards?" said he; "why I thought every fool knew that. Why then, we must content ourselves with *flying the mags* [tossing up halfpence, I afterwards found out], until old *Oliver* is up [the moon], when we mean to try for a *pitman* [a pocket-book], or at least a few *dibs* [cash]."

"That man will come to the gallows," thought I. "In another week, if she can bear removing, she shall away with me to Kensington."

And I contrived to do it with much dexterity. The carriage of Lady Pelham conveyed her and the child safe and secretly to my residence, when I sent for a broker, and sold off in the name of that lady, all the furniture; the servant maid I ordered to go to London next day, (fearing to trust her), and stop at a certain house in Piccadilly, where she would be informed what she should do. Thus we were all off, and not a trace of us left; but we heard, a few days after, that it had been the intention of the unprincipled vagabond, one who once held a commission in his sovereign's army, to "*sell us up*," as he called it, having actually bargained with a London broker to buy all *his* furniture "in a lump," at a cottage he had taken at Richmond. The man went down to look at it, and was in a pretty passion when he found the house shut up, and a board nailed to the shutters, intimating that it was "*To let*."

Mrs. Alford lived in my house very comfortably: she had the society of her little girl, and an excellent nursery-maid—mine also, when I happened to be at home. She never went out except late in the evening, and then thickly veiled, fearful of falling in again with her profligate husband. She subscribed at a good library, and amused herself with reading and painting: the latter she excelled in; and, on the whole, she was as composed and happy, as any one so situated could possibly be. Every kind of luxury was sent in to her, through the medium of Lady Pelham, and another white casimere hood and cloak, surpassing in beauty the last, with other most superb presents for the infant.

"I must speak seriously to Lady Pelham," said Mrs. Alford to me one day; "she is far too profuse. Look here, what most expensive robes, and caps, and all sorts of things for my sweet little Cecil, and what a very elegant gold coral and bells! I am quite uneasy about it; for my friend's fortune is not over large. I really must begin to think of some way to be independent, for all this generosity pains me."

"Indeed, madam," answered I, "you had far better keep yourself snug here and in privacy; for, going through Hyde Park the other day, I recognised Captain Alford fast asleep upon the grass there, near the Serpentine River. He looked as if he had not been in a bed for many weeks, and his dress was most miserable. He may be, and I dare say is, quite a desperate character by this time, and spends his nights constantly at 'The Broken,' and his days skulking about in the parks. Pray, be advised; do not think yet of seeking for any change, for should he find you out, a pretty life we shall all have of it. Lady Pelham has enjoined

me to be careful of you, and I have promised to do so ; and I shall keep my word. Have you seen this pretty volume of poetry she has sent you ? What a beautifully bound book it is ! and your name is written on the title-page."

" Dear, kind Maria ! " exclaimed Mrs. Alford, taking the volume out of the tissue-paper that surrounded it. " ' Cecil Deerhurst, from her most attached friend.' She forgets that my name is not Deerhurst now," said Mrs. Alford—" would that it were ! "

" You might have had that name all your life, madam," said I, smiling, " if you had but married your cousin Walter."

" He was far too good for me, Mrs. Griffiths," answered the lady, sighing, " and too indulgent ; he petted and spoiled me from a mere child. I could do what I liked with him—make him happy or wretched, just as my humour pleased. Power is not a safe thing to be in the hands of a young girl of sixteen, who fancies herself a beauty too, besides. I really do believe I first flirted with Captain Alford, solely to tease my cousin Walter."

" You have paid pretty dearly for your love of torturing," said I ; " but I suppose you fell desperately in love with this swaggering officer after that, and you thought no more of plaguing Mr. Deerhurst ? "

" It was an infatuation, not a love," said Mrs. Alford ; " a mere fancy, that never would have taken root, if it had not been fostered and kept alive by a spirit of contradiction. You remember the speech of the dying young cock, in the fable, who had been requested by the prudent hen, his mother, ' not to go too near a certain well ; ' and this admonition of her's begot in him the most ardent desire to peep down into it on every occasion. Crowing, then, one day on the very edge of it, with closed eyes and flapping wings, down he tumbled, and these were his last words—how well do I comprehend them !—

' I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition.'

Never should I have run off with Captain Alford, if Walter had not put me, as they say, '*upon my mettle* ; ' but I am wiser, I trust, now."

I ventured no farther observation at that time ; and she began to read aloud to me from the elegant little volume in green and gold, sent by Lady Pelham to her as a present. It was a collection of fugitive pieces by a poet of the name of *Hurst*, that had lately come out periodically, in a magazine of eminence, and they had acquired much popularity. Every one was speaking of "*Hurst's Sonnets*," and "*Hurst's Legends*," and "*Hurst's Lyrics* ; " but very little seemed to be known of the poet himself. Mrs. Alford had been much struck with one little piece of his at its first appearance in the magazine, and was quite happy to find it again in this collection ; she, by my desire, read it aloud to me, and her voice, eyes, and countenance were in perfect accordance with the poetry itself.

" From whence comes the whirlwind, the pestilent blight,
That rides on the wings of the wind ?
That rushes like fiend in the dead of the night,
The breasts of its victims to find ?
With a poison it comes to each sweet, sleeping flower,
As cradled in leaves they repose ;

It rains on them all an invisible shower,
As onward the pestilence goes !

"From whence comes the blight to the young trusting mind,
As before it some bright vision lies?
Does *that* too come posting on wings of the wind,
To poison each hope as it flies?
I was dreaming of bliss and Ellen one night,
But awoke to deep sorrow and pain;
The pestilence came,—my heart felt its blight,
And never can blossom again !"

"This does not seem like an imaginary grief," remarked Mrs. Alford. Whoever this *Mr. Hurst* is, he seems unhappy."

"He talks of his heart never blossoming again," said I. "Who knows *when* the heart's vitality is absolutely gone? Perhaps he will have a happy old age yet, and see his children and grandchildren climbing about his knees."

"Impossible !" cried Mrs. Alford ; "whatever may be the cause of his grief, depend upon it, the seat of it lies too deep ever to be pulled up."

"Take away the cause, and the effect ceases," I argued ; but before the lady could reply, which she seemed inclined to do with some warmth, Lady Pelham was announced, who entered with a countenance big with some kind of information.

"Cecil !" exclaimed our visitor, "prepare yourself to hear some sudden news ; nay, do not start, and turn so pale ; and yet you will be shocked, I know.—Your worthless husband is no more."

"Merciful God !" said Mrs. Alford, staggering to a chair, "can it be possible?"

"Even so," replied her friend ; "he has ended a career of infamy, by an act of self-destruction ; he has drowned himself in the Serpentine."

"Drowned himself !" cried Mrs. Alford, as pale as death. "Have mercy on him, Heaven !"

"We have just heard all the particulars of this event," said Lady Pelham, "from one of his dissolute companions, who witnessed the transaction, and was ordered by the wretched suicide himself to bring this account to me."

"He had been at that horrid club, called '*The Broken*,' all the night previous, and, it seems, had not been in a bed for many weeks, or changed his linen for at least six. In the morning he turned out from the *Harp* with this fellow, and they strolled about Hyde Park, two specimens of filth and depravity ; when one of them proposed that they should take a bathe in the river.

"And have a clean shirt," said Alford ; "for this is a little the worse for wear ; I wish we had a bit of soap to wash ourselves with."

"Soap !" cried the other ; "I would rather have a rasher of bacon, and a tankard of 'half-and-half' for my breakfast."

"*Breakfast*," exclaimed Alford, with much bitterness ; "what is the meaning of that word?—We are *quite up*, Mallett, and I'm sick to death of it. I'll give you all my clothes, if you will go and buy me a pennyworth of soap."

"What nonsense !" said Mallett ; "all your rags together are not worth a sixpence, Captain ; yet you cannot do without them."

"Better by far than I have done *with* them," said Alford; "will you say it's a bargain?"

"No," answered Mallet; "I should only lose my penny for my pains; but here comes a soldier's wife across the park, with a basket on her arm; it is ten to one but that she has a lump of soap in it for to-morrow's washing; try to *diddle* her out of a piece; you are a famous fellow with the ladies—try."

"I will," said Alford; and he addressed the young woman when she came up, with something like this:—

"My pretty lass! I have not had a good wash this many a day; such a good-looking fellow as I am! and you see I want one; if you can give me a bit of *soap*, just what they call a *make-weight*, I'll bless your pretty face to the longest day I have to live."

"It is a very odd request," said the soldier's wife, who was one of the washerwomen to the barracks, "but I don't mind much if I do give you this thin slice, just for the fancy of the thing; and here's a penny loaf for you besides."

"Give that to my comrade," said Alford; "and may God bless you."

They went straight to the Serpentine, and there Alford disencumbered himself from all his rags, and, with the soap in his hand, plunged into the river. He thoroughly washed and cleaned himself, saying often to his companion, "How delightful it is to have once more a clean skin."

After he had staid in nearly half an hour, he suddenly called out, "Mallet, I've made up my mind: I will never put on those filthy things again. I give them all to you freely, and I hope you will have a nice *lively* bargain, my boy, in them. Go to Lady Pelham, in ——— street, and tell her all this, and say, that Cecil, her friend, is now a widow. Good day to you, Mallet;" and he struck out into the middle of the stream, and disappeared.

* * * *

"Oh, what an awful death!" exclaimed Mrs. Alford, bursting into tears; but they were not (how could they be?) tears of anguish; and very quickly were they dried. Plain mourning was prepared for her, but not weeds: she would not affect a depth of sorrow that she did not feel.

In the meantime I had frequent consultations with a very valued young friend of mine, who shall be nameless, and also with Lady Pelham. Many notes and letters passed to and fro between us. The young widow could not imagine what I could possibly be about, and she felt a little offended that I communicated nothing of my present affairs to her.

"Mrs. Griffiths," said she, one morning, after I had just finished reading a long letter I had received by the twopenny post, and put it quietly into my pocket, without saying a word;—"Mrs. Griffiths, I mean to advertise in *The Times*, immediately, for some sort of situation or other, for I am determined no longer to be a burthen either to Lady Pelham or to you."

"Burthen! my dear Madam," said I, "who ever taught you to think yourself one to either of us? Why you and your dear little girl are the delight of our lives!—dearly do we love you, and even these pretty little petulancies of yours have their charm. Did you not promise us both though, that you would never be wayward and obstinate any more?"

"I have suffered very severely for my folly, my dear forbearing friend," said the lovely young creature, with one of her most engaging smiles; "I ought to be cured, if ever being was. But shall I be honest with you?"

"Would you be anything else?" cried I. "But I will spare you a confession. I know all about it; every turning and winding of that little heart of yours, which has a sufficient quantity of *pride* and *frowardness* still in it, in spite of all the schooling it has had. You think we have some mighty secret between us, this dear Lady Pelham and I; and you are very angry, very jealous, with us, for not taking you into our confidence."

"You must certainly be a *witch*, my dear Mrs. Griffiths," said Mrs. Alford, blushing up to her very forehead; "you have divined the cause, and I do not mind now owing to you the inward fretting and worry this conduct of yours has given me."

"Spare yourself the trouble," I exclaimed, laughing, "I have watched every pang, every look of suppressed resentment! all your attempted sullenness, and your total inability to *'keep it up.'*"

"Why what a *Barbara Allen* you must be to perceive all this, and not extract the sting."

"Sometimes I added," with much appearance of gravity of manner and turning away from her, "the drawing out the shaft, produces immediate death! So we have, you see, let yours rankle on."

"What *can* you mean?" exclaimed the poor young lady, with a quivering lip,—"for the love of heaven, dear, dear Mrs. Griffiths! let me know all,—It does not relate to my child, for she is sleeping in her little cot there, and looking like a cherub!"

"You should have called her a *seraph*," said I, playfully, "that is the name for female angels; the cherubs you know are little, fat *boy-angels*, with cheeks like trumpeters—and ——"

"You are trying to draw me away from what we were speaking of," interrupted my charming guest in a tone so reproachful, yet so exquisitely tender, that I felt almost ashamed of the part I was acting, yet was I convinced it was the only way in which I could manage her peculiar mind; so I strengthened myself for the conflict, and went boldly on——

"I will confess" I said, after a pause, which ever gives much weight to what is coming; "I confess that I was leading you from the subject by *design*, and yet I may be wrong to do so, after all, though Lady Pelham affirms, she knows your nature better than I do."

"Then you *have* something to communicate," murmured poor Cecil Alford; "speak out!—I am fully prepared"——

I wish it may be so—I exclaimed, and that you do not deceive yourself; but we know better than you do, your own weakness, and the depths of hoarded, or rather latent feelings that are within you—hear then—your Cousin Walter, who has loved you so intensely from his own childhood, that it resembled more a dream of romance, than an actual thing, he who pined away after your elopement with Captain Alford I hear, until he was almost a shadow, who turned *poet* only to give vent to his own anguish, and mourned your loss like a second Petrarch; he who has enlisted all the world on his side, only by the

beauty of his verse, even *yourself*, although you knew it not ; he to whom you accorded your pity, and your tears the other day, for he wrote under the fictitious name of *Hurst*, and there lies his poetry !—after all this, and now too when it might have been so different, *he is going to be married we find almost immediately!*"

I had studied well the complicated mind of Cecil Alford, compounded as it was of opposing elements, or I never should have practised this stratagem upon her ; never have poured in upon her ear all this round of artillery, in order to make an inroad into the very citadel of her heart.—It was very appalling, and even I, able general in metaphysics, as I call myself, actually trembled for the result.

What a commotion took place that moment in Mrs. Alford's mind ! What a contest of jarring passions ! What a subject was she then for a Shakspeare, who understood all the subtle workings and secret springs of human nature,—plainly could I discern, although she struggled with all her force to hide it, that *she* was shocked at hearing of her Cousin Walter's desertion of her—that she liked him much better than she chose to own—that his sincere and enthusiastic passion had been to her as a hoarded source of comfort and of pride through all her sufferings—now for ever gone, she thought. Then the suddenness of learning that her former lover was her admired poet !—That it was for her loss, he had so delightfully mourned ! It was giving him a value in her eyes only to make her deplore his loss the more.

In opposition to all this, there arose *Pride* with its crested front—woman's native delicacy—also some remnant of her natural waywardness. She stood as if transfixed ; her bosom the arena for all these warring elements to tug against each other—nicely balanced for some moments lay the victory ; I offered her a glass of water, which she took, as if she knew it not—I placed my arms round her waist and drew her towards me. This action softened her ; woman's tenderness prevailed ; she burst into an agony of tears, and sobbed out with truth in every accent—"And has even Walter, my own dear and kind cousin, the playfellow of my infancy, he whom I ever respected and loved more than he knew of—has *he* too deserted me—forgotten all his protestations of everlasting, unchanging attachment ! I should as soon have thought of the sun, the *true* sun going from his course, as Walter being faithless to me !—But be it so—may he be as happy as he deserves to be ! For Cecil there can be nothing but misery."—"It is only my adored Cecil, that can make me so," said a tremulous, yet sweet voice close to her side.—It was the voice of Mr. Deerhurst himself, who had been stationed in my back drawing-room with Lady Pelham, and had heard every word of the preceding discourse. They both stole quietly in, whilst Mrs Alford gave this natural, but unequivocal burst of feeling, and I transferred her without a word to his arms.

"Did I not tell you dearest madam," said I, a few minutes after, when she was capable of attending to either Lady Pelham or myself ; "Did I not tell you, that Mr. Walter Deerhurst, was 'going to be married?' I assure you it is true ; a young and very interesting *widow*, has made him forget all the caprices and follies of a certain Miss Cecilia Deerhurst, who did not use him over well a year or two ago, even by your own account."

"What a conspiracy!" said Mrs. Alford, looking with happy eyes upon the whole trio near her. "And is it possible, dear Walter, that you wrote these precious and heart-touching poems?"——

"Did they touch *your* heart, my beloved one?" asked Mr. Deerhurst ardently;—"you are my inspiring muse, and only you shall place a chaplet on my brow."

"In exchange for one of *orange-flowers*, with which you mean to decorate her own," said Lady Pelham.

"But I have a child, Walter! have they told you that?"

"She is an old acquaintance of mine, dear Cecil," answered he; "Mrs. Griffiths can inform you how often she has been cradled in these arms—slept upon this bosom!"

"What can you mean?" inquired the poor lady; "I vow I feel as if quite mystified; as if all were enchantment! Pray explain."

This I quickly did; and in the course of my little narrative, there came out the story of the infant's white casimere cloak and hood; how the infamous Alford had purloined them, whilst others had been sent down to supply their place; nor did Lady Pelham omit telling her (although I would rather she had concealed the circumstance for a short time at least) that every want and luxury of Mrs. Alford, had been supplied from the ample means of Mr. Deerhurst, who, as her nearest relation, and possessing all the fortune which her father once intended for her, had settled on her, through the medium of Lady Pelham, a very handsome competency, and had left the whole of the remainder of his fortune, in case of his death, to her sole use.

"Let me look again at my little daughter," said Mr. Deerhurst; "Cecil, dearest! give her to me with your own hands. Attest it for me, Lady Pelham, and you, kind Mrs. Griffiths, that this sweet creature is, and ever shall be, my *eldest* child."

Why the simple word *eldest* should call up so bright a suffusion on the face, neck, and arms of Cecilia Alford, it is no business of mine to explain, or why her cousin Walter, as if pitying her extreme confusion, should run away the moment after, with the baby in his arms, to the parlour below stairs, where Bridget, my old servant, assures me she found him, when she went in without knowing any one was there, weeping over it like an infant. But the tears of poets and of happy lovers, both of which Mr. Walter Deerhurst then was, resemble the dew-drops in a bright morning, and give pleasure to the beholder, and not pain.

And must this love-story of mine be wound up like all other vulgar love-stories, with a *wedding*? No. I will leave off at this moment, and make the reader wonder who it is I am going this summer to visit in the county of Hereford, that cider-making county, redolent with golden-pippins and spicy pearmains?—who it is that will come and meet me at the coach, a gentleman and lady, with three junior ones, looking out of the carriage windows; one a fair-haired little *seraph*, looking more like a Cecilia of the skies than of earth, and two chubby-faced *cherubs*—alias, baby-boys, making out the number.

I trust this horrid cold summer has not blighted the apple-trees! I was in hopes I should have seen the Herefordshire orchards looking like the garden of the Hesperides; every tree propped up to sustain the weight of the golden fruit. Should it not be so, I will not be disap-

pointed ; I will go another year, and be in at the, not death, but birth, of another trumpet-cheeked *cherub*, or tender *seraph*, as it may chance to be. Has chance any thing to do in the matter ? I think not, or she would have more work upon her hands, poor thing, than she can perform ; but they tell me the *planets* take a good deal of the trouble upon themselves. I heard *the man* say so in his lecture on astrology the other day, and he talked a great deal of male and female *influences*, that come down to earth like the dew from heaven. That the moon had a wonderful gift of shedding down insanity with her silver beams, and that those who walked much in the "*broad eye of the sun*," would become valiant, rich, and powerful. I wish it would rain down *loaves and fishes*, and then all the poor would be looking upwards to catch them, and many a hungry stomach would then be at peace.

Gentle Reader ! I will think of thee in my approaching visit to Herefordshire, when from a lovely house, situated on that most romantic river the *Wye*, between the villages of Bullingham and Dinder, not far from Ross, made immortal by the poet's pen, we (that is myself and the family I shall be with) start off in an elegant carriage, with a hamper of *eatables* and *drinkables* corded on behind (the male and female supporters of life), and servants enough to wait on us, pack up the glasses and plates, &c. &c., when we have properly refreshed ourselves. Gentle Reader ! I will think of thee, and drink thy health when I am sitting and regaling myself with my friends, whilst viewing the ruins of *Tintern Abbey*, or as it may chance to be, those of *Goodwich Castle*, both in the neighbourhood. You can do no less than return the compliment, and so we bow gracefully to each other. Good night !

THE ADAMUS EXUL OF GROTIUS,

OR

THE PROTOTYPE OF PARADISE LOST.

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN BY FRANCIS BARHAM, Esq.

(Concluded from page 386).

ACT III.

Satan. I see my foe approaching, with proud steps
 Haughty and self-collected. Now the hour
 Is ripe for my revenge—he comes alone,
 His heaven-descended guardian hath retired
 From his frail impotent charge, and now he falls,
 Unaided, undefended. With the cords
 Of errors quite inextricable I
 Will fetter his doomed soul—the snare is laid—
 Beneath the mask of well dissembled love,
 Hatred lies coiled and basking. Even now
 With greedy and insatiable thirst of blood,
 My teeth I grind, impatient to devour.
 Ah, but I'll watch the occasion—like the wolf,

With fiery glistening eyes and lips of foam,
 Watches the feeble sheep. Afar he stands,
 Silent in keen resolve, and hesitating,
 Suspends the uplifted step till now he sees
 His prey more favourably exposed to fate,
 Then speeds his stealthy course exultingly,
 Bristles his ragged locks and half reveals
 The grisly horror of his gory tusks.—
 So let me deal with man—and so disguise
 The immedicable wound with honied words.

(*Adam enters*).

Lord of the earth, and emperor of the sea,
 Adam, majestic Adam, let me kiss
 Thy princely hand, and bow me at thy feet.
 Ah! wherefore frown'st thou—rather on me bend
 Thy genial smile benignant—for me too
 The Almighty formed thy elder brother, high
 Above thee throned, amid the glittering spheres
 Of spirit-robing ether.—And thy God
 Vouchsafed me the choice privilege to lead
 A thousand, thousand friends. Now he forsakes,
 And those perfidious and forsworn compeers
 Desert me too—blind followers of blind chance;
 But thou august, indulgent, too benign
 To harbour weak resentment, thee I sue
 For pity if not friendship, and implore
 The eternal pledge of amity, the bond
 Of fellowship—But why that cloudy brow?

Adam. Accursed of God avaunt, detested fiend,
 Rebellious and perfidious, execrable;
 Avaunt, begone, nor with polluted touch,
 Stain this immaculate form. The friends of Heaven
 Are mine, none else—Away, blaspheming One,
 Fly to thy own fit Hell, and never more
 Blast my pure sight, with infamy unnamed.

Satan. Why is thy heart so hardened, so perturbed
 With hate and headstrong passion, knowst thou not
 That these are evil—anger, envy, fear,
 Can make none good or happy. Let thy soul
 Know that prime art of wisdom, how to put
 The best construction on suspicious things;
 Therefore be favourable—at least be fair.

Adam. Great Heaven shall fall, and all the glittering stars
 Come crushing on the affrighted earth—the sea
 Shall burn like one unmeasured lake of fire,
 And from its bickering flames, the cooling drops
 Of limpid water sweat. Euphrates' self
 Shall backward roll his many volumed tides,
 And mingle with the Tigris, sooner far

Than peace or faith or charitable love,
'Twixt thee and me, accursèd, and forsworn,
Such sweet society as wolves and lambs
Combine, this shall be ours, nor less, nor more,
While on the many-heaving breezy waves
Of the etherial sky, Aurora drives
Her purple wheels, and silent-pacing Night
Doth in her starry mantle wrap the earth,
Such be our compact, our confederacy.

Satan. O spare thyself this thunder ! Mighty chiefs
Like thee should waste no strength on feeble foes,
They who wage war on weak, and on base things,
Themselves are baser. Mark the forest king—
The lion—dost thou ever see him spoil
Poor sheep, or rend the innocent bleating lamb ?
No, he disdains such conquest, but he loves
To engage the rival lion of his hate
In his swollen rage, or grapple to the death
With the throat-throttling tiger, or grim bear,
Sparing the weak and trampling on the strong.
Thou thinkst that I can harm thee—lay aside
This idle terror, this ridiculous fright
Of one so lost, so fallen—one so base,
So little worthy of your hate, and make
This most political compact without fear.

Adam. Thou sayst right well, thou art not worth my hate,
Much less, foul demon, art thou worth my love.

Satan. Nay, nay, not quite so abject ; let no vain
Or false conceit delude thee. We have store
Of wit and counsel, power and agency
Thou little reckst of ; but perchance mayst need
Hereafter on occasion. God, forsooth,
Hath robbed us of good luck, and the fair smiles
Of fortune : but he hath not yet despoiled
The antique glory of our souls, the full
Keen armoury of thought made thunder-proof,
Nor yet the invincible will to dare or do.
Ay, and we still have kingdoms, pryncedoms, powers,
Gorgeously bright, right glowing, tho' too low
To suit our aspirations. God, meanwhile,
Sits thunderin'g thro' his empty halls of heaven—
There let him reign. To thee a better sway,
O'er this fair earth, he yields—the purple air,
The immeasurable and hollow-sounding main,
And all that it inhabit. Unto us
Belongs the nether empire, which the gods
Do courteously call Hell and Tartarus—
Such is the subterranean territory
We exiled heroes hold. Here the august

Titanic brood of murmuring demons wield
The sceptre over Chaos, and the shades
Of the jarred elements,—now let us rule
Together, as our kingdoms stand so nigh.

Adam. Whate'er the Thunderer gave to me and mine
Of lordship or authority, he gave
But on condition of pure stainless faith
And fealty to Him. This we maintain
Rejoicing, and, still serving him, desire
No other service, nor impatient seek
To extend our proper bounds, thinking all gained
By impious disobedience worse than lost.

Satan. But who but fools good offers will refuse?

Adam. They who their virtue prize above all gifts.

Satan. To wage perpetual war can profit none.

Adam. Thou canst not harm me, hoping, fearing nought.

Satan. But our confederacy may profit both ;
He that relieves misfortune is twice blest.

Adam. But piety is blest, and nought beside.

Satan. And what religion bars an honest bargain ?

Adam. Confederacy in vice you compact call.

Satan. Most truly, since whatever now is mine
Will then become your own unalterably.

Adam. Ah, thou hast nought but evil to bestow.

Satan. I'll never hurt, but help you when I can.

Adam. And what security have I for this ?

Satan. I promise, swear, pledge, and engage myself.

Adam. An exile, an apostate, and a devil !

Satan. I swear by the great name of the Eternal.

Adam. Whom thou of late didst seek to hurl from heaven !

Satan. Ay, but his wrath would follow broken vows.

Adam. Thou fearest pain it seems, tho' not transgression.

Satan. I like to assist my friends now grown too few.

Adam. That with thee they may perish, is it not ?

Satan. Since with this pertinacious insolence
Peace thou refusest, crossing fair design,
Now learn my hate, my vengeance. I will plague
Thy blind soul with the vehement craft of hell,
And thy pride-bloated impudence chastise
As with a scorpion scourge. Aye, know me now
Thy everlasting foe, damning and damned,
Smitten and smiting, crushed and crushing all—
Ay, know me now. By day I will beset
Thy path with torturing doubts, even when thou prayest ;

By night I'll watch beside thee, and distil
Such diabolical spirit-racking dreams
On thy sick phantasy, that thou shalt start
From haunted couch, and think thyself in hell ;
Thou, who deniest my fellowship, shalt feel
How sweet my vengeance, and how blest my doom.

Adam. Begone, accursed deceiver, savage fiend ;
Monster, begone ; I dread thee not, nor heed
Thy impotent rage ! The God in whom I trust
Hath with his favour, as a triple shield,
Girded my heart ; thy fury I defy,
For, fearing God alone, I nothing fear
Thee or thy exiled demons—hence, away !

Satan. Thou shalt be exiled too—if not to-day.

Chorus of Angels.

The stream of Eden nobly flows,
And on its banks of emerald green
Each glorious tree of pure life grows ;
The plant of knowledge shines between,
And hangs its golden-tinged fruit
To tempt, alas, and to destroy !—
Such knowledge, sure, can never suit
Immortal hope or mortal joy !

Adam reposes in the shade,
His brow with laurel chaplet bound,
With his espoused matchless maid ;
He listens to the harmonic sound
Of falling leaves, and fleeting waves,
And light birds' singing, wild and free,
While in his joyous heart he braves
All sorrow, doubt, despondency.

O man ! thou wonderful and fair,
Pensive and passion-taming king
Of this new planet, we can share
In all thy bright imagining.
Ah never let the shade of ill
Wither the bloom or mar the bliss !
But be as pure and tranquil still
In unborn ages as in this
Sweet hour of perfect blessedness.

Ye too, who born of grosser dust,
Children of your mother clay,
Whose souls are doomed to quench the lust
Of cursed ambition, day by day,
In solid forms of quick decay,
Chaunt your praise to him who lends
So much enjoyment to a life
Which once, and now, wild passion blends
With desolating guilt and strife.

Ah! the foe is hasting on
 To the stern work of blood and tears;
 The dread ordeal is begun
 Which wakes our longings and our fears.
 Will these glorious beings foil
 The keen temptation, or be cast
 To grief and suffering and harsh toil?
 Soon the trial will be past!

ACT IV.

Eve. What animal is this that coils and winds
 His oblique course toward me? How he rears
 Aloft his scaly, mottled head; and forth
 Launches his triple tongue: his glittering eye
 Glares with an indescribable fire, that burns
 And scintillates, and seems to scorch my soul
 With horrible fascination. Now his neck,
 Burnished with many-flashing gold, he bends,
 And swells his purple breast, whereon bright stars
 Flash, dazzling with strange lustre. Now he rests
 His cheek upon his flexile neck, and looks
 In cautious calmness round him; while, behind,
 His length of tail against the opposing light
 Burns like a fallen comet. Whatsoe'er
 His name or nature, this way straight he comes,
 And spreads his mazy labyrinths athwart
 My chosen path, and with his spiral coils
 Surrounds me. Lo, he lifts his sparkling head,
 And doth address himself to motion like
 As he would speak;—I wonder if he can!

Satan. Ay, I can speak: my tongue shall ne'er be dumb
 In thy fair service. Goddess, Queen of Earth!
 I do protest my soul's best homage due:
 And it delights me well thus to have fallen
 Beneath so exquisite a regency
 Of love and beauty; and with me no less,
 Whate'er the involving amplitude of air
 Contains of choice or precious. For we all
 (Though not with equal eloquence of voice)
 Rejoice in such a princess. Lady fairest,
 'Tis sweet to obey maternal majesty
 Like thine; to bow to godlike human sway,
 Not cruel, insolent tyrants. Here, indeed,
 Reason doth rule our rulers; and her rule
 Is freedom and delight. One thing alone
 Doth much amaze thy subjects—that the Power
 Sometimes invoked as Giver of all good

(Forsooth, his favourite title), should forbid
To eat the very fruits his bounty gave.
Can envy such as this so vilify
Celestial minds; can he who did bestow
A planet thus refuse one little garden?

Eve. Yet hath He given us all things to enjoy
Most generously. He gives the tree of Life,
Of which we eat, and live immortally.
So bountiful a King would not deny
This sole exception but for reason good;
Nor else would he have warned us that to eat
The plant of this false knowledge shall destroy
Our best apotheosis, and reveal—
That dark strange mystery—the doom of death

Satan. Nay, nay; believe it not. Can thy clear soul,
Thy fine fixed intellectual reason, dream
So vain a phantasy? Canst thou suppose
That on the loss of one poor pitiful apple
Death shall ensue? Consider, can those die
Whom God to everlasting life foredooms?
All things by one eternal fate are swayed:
We work but things foreseen, and we endure
None but foreknown calamities. For thus
Divine decrees of prescience ever stand
Read through all causes, wrought in all effects—
Unalterable series, settled order,
And dire necessity, in one vast stream
Compel our dim futurities. If these
Have willed your death, prepare yourselves to die;
If they have not willed, wherefore should you fear
To pluck this mystic fruitage? Therefore think
No more of this vain spectral phantasm,
This idle bugbear. No, believe me, death
Is nothing but perpetual change; no more
Than sweet variety; still opening new
Bright metamorphoses of raptured soul—
Metempsychosis, and the exquisite scale
Of gorgeous transmigrations. All that is
Shall live, and cannot perish, though it seem
To die a thousand deaths; for life and death
Alternate every day and every hour.
These sympathetic contraries, these fond
Antitheses of being, now embrace
And now contend, and now embrace again.
Nay, death itself is life, and life is death:
Each is the source of other, and the grave—
Death is but nature; 'tis no punishment:
'Twere folly, cowardice, to dread a thing
So genial and so very common. True,
You may just possibly die; but if you die,

Into new life you rise, more glorious far
 Than this which you renounce. This is the law
 Of living souls and all corporeal forms—
 To soar towards perfection, to ascend
 The eternal scale of being. But, perhaps,
 You dream that in this death the soul may fall
 Under the lash of vengeance. Idle terror!
 Sure, the free soul was made to act, not bear
 Mere passive sufferings. Indivisible spirit,
 Having no parts, can lose none: it subsists
 Whole in itself, is its own place, own time,
 Nor seeks abroad the life it grants at home—
 It is its own beginning, its own end.
 Nor do I think it possible that God
 Meant to forbid the least of all his gifts
 But for some limited season. For who dares
 To question this, that every work of His
 Must in itself be good, and be approved
 By his most gratified creatures? Wherefore, then,
 Refuse to approve this blessing? Not in vain
 This largess was bestowed, nor yet the taste,
 The exquisite, the unutterable gust
 Of pleasurable appetite, which still
 Follows such dainty banqueting. If these,
 The gifts of nature, longer you refuse,
 You blame the giver, and despise the gift.

Eve. Yet God forbids us, for what subtle cause
 I know not, or for none; but he forbids—
 That is enough. I do remember well
 This great, this sole condition of our bliss
 Prescribed us, and indelibly impressed
 On my heart's memory. God may well dispose
 Of his own gifts even as his will ordains.

Satan. Why gave He not this same exception, then,
 When He committed to your queenly hands
 The rule o'er earth and ocean? This, indeed,
 This was a tree of value, not made vain
 By such repulsive clause and codicil.
 If it be just and equitable thus
 To give with barred provisoes and strange bans,
 'Tis not, methinks, o'er-generous. God, at least,
 May quit this foul condition, if he be
 Indeed so liberal, so beneficent
 As you report Him. But bethink thee well;
 Some greater mystery than aught you dream
 Attends this liminary check. Perhaps
 He envies you the magical, marvellous bliss,
 This same fruit may contain; and it may be
 He wishes to retain for private use
 This lore of good and evil. O, my soul!

What odious servitude, base slavery,
Served thus by one who serves Himself alone !
He, sure, is evil who is never good
But for his proper self and interest.
And is He, then, so bountiful, so kind,
Who gives such glorious benefits, and then
Reserves their use for His peculiar gain
And profit ? O, intolerable yoke !
Richer than He is none, none less benign—
The Tyrant of the Thunder ! Dost thou know
How lately He did crush, with His dire hate,
Ten thousand bands of all the heroic youth
Of peopled Heaven ? their fortunate estate
Their only crime, their dauntless bravery
His terror and revenge. He hurled the storm
Of His all-withering, three-forked thunderbolts,
Full on their matchless phalanx, and pursued,
With His hot, sulphurous, spirit-blistering shafts,
Even to the gate of Hell, the infernal cave
Of madness and despair. Generous, forsooth !
Doth He not stop the ear of merciless wrath
When the fallen legions pray, and moan in prayer,
And, writhed in weltering agony, confess
Their fault, if fault there be, which, as unknown,
They know not to repent ? Thus hath He done ;
What He will do hereafter lies in night.
Be wise by ~~our~~ ^{their} misfortune. If He loves
Mankind, as you imagine, He will not
Surely torment you with the fear of death ;
And if He love you not, beware in time ;
Delay not one poor instant, but shake off
This tyrannous yoke of bondage. Hold your own,
And vindicate yourselves ; bravely maintain
Your proper rights, the rights of your own world.
This is not the celestial court, nor here
The etherial armies fix their starry camp
Of radiant vigilance. Be bold, be firm,
Banish your impotent terrors ; never yet
Was peril but by peril overcome :
Courage alone is safety, when all things
Grow hazardous and teem with difficulties.

Eve. O, but I cannot think the God of Heaven
Can thus with jealousy be stung, or be
So wrung with passion for another's good !
For He who gives us these hath all to give.
Can the eternal Lord of the bright stars
Envy our little honours ? What His wrath
To Satan or his horrible damned crew
May work is naught to me, though I suppose
Their punishment is just, nor undeserved.

But thou, mysterious one, whose mental power
Seems conversant with wonders, canst thou tell
What hidden virtues in this tree reside ?

Satan. Its very name may teach thee. Is it not
The immortal, the inexplicable bliss
Of knowledge, perfect knowledge ? How divine
To know all good and evil ; to discern
All mysteries, like a god, in this new world !
Evil is only evil when unknown ;
Known, it refines to good. What happiness,
What intellectual rapture, to compel
Into one gorgeous focus all the charms
Of knowledge, elsewhere scattered, vague, confused !
By this keen sight to make the universe
Transparent as fine ether ; by this vision,
To see all causes, all effects conjoined
In their superb complexity ! O Queen
Of Earth ! say, is it not the chiefest good
To know all godlike truth, all evil lies,
So as to mock deception, and deride
The assaults of demon tempters ? To the mind
This world is but one glittering mirror, which
Reflects its swift ideas, and refines
And multiplies with Iris-tinctured hues.
Is not the height of strong intelligence
Thus to anatomise all things, and from all
Educe new powers occult ? The more it finds
More earnestly it seeks, and spurns at rest—
That empty, pitiful calmness of content.
It tramples with ambition-wingèd feet
The low, base boundaries of mortality,
Burns to know more, and bursts the bars of fate,
And death itself, to explain the august unknown.
All that it has is nothing to the intense
Glorious concupiscence of all it wants—
Always the greater share. One God there is,
Whose mind, without this enterprise of toil,
Can form its own ideas, and vindicate,
None daring him to question. Thus He knows,
Or thinks He knows, all arts and sciences.
Who shall disprove him by the test of fact ?
He stands alone. To other thinking souls,
Either he grants not power to apprehend
The fair discourse of reason, or he grants
This boon of liberal thought, all manacled,
Halt, withered, blind, perplexed with chafing doubts,
Haggard with fears, hoodwinked from heaven's free light,
Masked in incomprehensibility.
By the same words in which he promises
This blessing, in postponed futurity,

Doth he deny it now ? Then break you off
The terms of the agreement, and forestall
At once these promised honours. What stern heaven
Denies so niggardly this generous tree
Shall instant yield you. Dare but this one act,
And share the secret of the Deity.
Ay, well he knows, when once this pregnant fruit
Shall pass your lips, therewith your souls shall gain
Such inaccessible brightness, as shall melt
The last faint cloud of error, doubt, and dread.
Then shall ye be as gods, knowing yourselves,
All things which swell magnificence of power,
Beauty, and grace ineffable. For this
His dark prohibitory law he makes ;
For this he cast o'er your imperial heart
This chilling fear of death ; that, conscience-smit
With panic terrors at all touch of ill,
You might forego the good, lest you become
Emancipated demi-gods. Believe
For once in honest counsel, and be sure
No opportunity of fair revenge
Escapes the Thunderer. That which thou designest
Do quickly, lest you lose your crown for aye ;
Perchance e'en now the pole-sustaining king
Meditates revocation of a boon
So full of ominous rivalship. He thinks
To cheat you of the prize : be not forestalled
In this fair fraud. To acquire or maintain
Glory and high renown, requires keen wit
And dashing strokes of shrewd finessing art.
Believe me—well to hoard your former store,
And build thereon accumulations fresh
Of glorious superstructure, so secured,
That your aerial castles never fall
By their own weight and crush their dreaming lord—
Gain is the best security 'gainst loss.
One single taste will make the apotheosis,
And raise you from the woman to the goddess.

Eve. Reason it seems hath occupied the breast
Of more than human kind. This animal
Doubtless is but a brute ; and yet his tongue
Is dipped in subtlest eloquence ; his words,
And my own longing appetite, persuade,
Almost invincibly, forthwith to enjoy
This mystic stolen delight ; but that the fear
To lose those true, those heart-felt ecstasies,
Proved, tried, experienced, much deters my hand
From venturing on this perilous enterprise.

Satan. Let no vain superstitions hold thee back
From thy own good, nor foolishly rebel

Against thy proper nature. All that charms
 And gratulates is lawful. Thy own sense
 Prompts to the deed ; wage not unnatural war
 Against thyself. Nature, our common nurse,
 Our general mother, gave all living kinds
 Their senses, that by outward forms and shows
 The hidden intimate properties of things
 Might clearly be discerned ; and appetite
 Is her own best instructress. She desires
 All profitable pleasures ; noxious things
 Instinctively rejects. This secret test
 Works warily, nor rashly deviates
 From its distinctive purpose. Whatsoever
 It likes or fancies, colour, taste, or smell,
 Think amicable to nature. For all these
 Do draw the delicate passion of delight
 Right to its ultimate ravishment of joy.
 Use their soft guidance now—approach the tree
 And pluck the golden fruit. Well, thou hast done
 The bold work bravely, now no more remains
 But just to taste, it is the smallest thing
 Which makes thee greatest. Does it like thee well ?

Eve. O sweet, sweet apple ! how thy glittering store
 Dazzles my eyes—the inebriating scent
 Fills all my sense. Would I could lay aside
 All fear—that trembling folly—and enjoy
 The elysium of the fruit, and learn at once
 Its mystery of bliss. Had I but courage—
 Less womanly and weak, shrinking—I would dare
 Much more, as freely. Does not reason's self
 Teach me that mind can never, never die,
 Whatever chance to dust-compacted forms
 Of body ? Such a law as this declares
 The envy of the God. He fears, forsooth,
 To allow me that fine science, which doth make
 Our soul familiar with all ecstasies,
 And shield it from all pains. Strong appetite,
 The quenchless and infallible instinct, prompts
 Such gallant feats, such noble hazardous strokes
 Of intellectual gambling. Ah ! how now ?
 What spells, what indefinable horrors creep
 Along my thrilling limbs ! An icy chill
 Invades the all-conscious nerves. I know not why,
 And yet I feel I fear. I long to pluck
 The fruit, and lo, my disobedient hand
 Faintly accuses its own coward weight,
 And hesitates the exploit. The magic food
 Seems from my lips to fly, and thus absorbed
 In vacant mute astonishment, I stand
 Shuddering. Methinks the charmed tree itself

Starts from the rending soil, and with a wild,
Though voiceless eloquence, utters—"Woman, stay;
Hold thy mad hand. What! darest thou so profane
This spell-bound symbol? Is not this the sole,
The special prohibition of His will
Who gave thee all things richly to enjoy?
Forbear, forbear in time. Who leads you on?
One devilish and one brutal thing, the first—
This metaphysical animal—and then
Your own rash passion. Follow better guides.
Let the free grace and bounty of thy God
Touch thy hard heart, if thus already steeled
To death's unspeakable curse. Alas! what bliss
Can these bestow: consider, and suspect
Goods which begin in evil. Now, at least,
Your sentence, undetermined, pendulous hangs
On your own will." My trembling anxious soul
Reels to and fro with ominous counsels crost.
How long remain thus doubt-racked. Courage, heart,
Is all required; why vex yourself with fears?
Why agonise with terrors. Come, be firm,
Be bold and conquer. Cut the invincible knot,
And be thy own free self, and prove at once
The luxury of the apple. Wilt thou not
Become a goddess then—thy spouse a god?
Wilt thou not scale the inaccessible walls
Of heaven, and scan the immeasurable
Vastness of vague infinity? Be wise,
Be daring. For salvation's self doth hang
On this audacious bite. Wilt thou not bless,
By this frank enterprise, the unnumbered heirs
Of future ages? Shall thy children be
Freeborn or slaves? As gods or mortal men?
Which is the brighter destiny? For which
Will thron'd posterity most ardently
Revere their general mother? Then, if God
Should see the happy consequence of sin
He can no less than pardon; but for me
'Tis better that he sees not. And, forsooth,
If so severe he be as to refuse
The merited pardon, I must, even now,
Be guilty in his sight, because so near
The guilt I meditate. Already part
Of the great feat is done: I have approached
The tree—have plucked the fruit, and what is worse,
Done it deliberately, calm, and bold;
And if I do no more, he will no less
Indict me for a criminal. Alas!
How vain to attempt to save the sliding step,
Half way adown the giddy slope of crime.
It is but idiotcy to anatomise

The fine degrees of guilt, which is itself
 An indivisible essence. Thus one sin
 Can only by its proper progeny
 Of sins be well defended ; and one lie,
 By lies innumerable, be made secure.
 So the august hurt Majesty of Heaven
 Must hold me guilty, nor delay to strike ;
 And I must back the luxury of vice
 By strong transgression, and accumulate
 The ramparts of offence. Such is my choice,
 My free self-poised election. Now, my hand,
 Be firm, and thus raise to my burning lips
 The mystery of knowledge. O my soul,
 How exquisitely luscious ! how divine
 Its odorous perfume ! Most nectarious juice
 Of immortality, thou dost infuse
 A more than earthly bliss, too great for earth,
 Fit only for the skies. No more remains,
 To crown the eternal rapture, but to share
 This blessing with my love and be twice blest.

Satan. The deed is done, and many times and oft,
 Doubtless, you 'll bless my memory when you feel
 Your full extent of obligation. Now
 You 'll know the good you 've lost, and learn, full soon,
 The evil you have gained. No lapse of time
 Shall take this knowledge from you ; and your sons
 And daughters too shall share it. Truth's fair lights
 Are thus extinguished, and the sable lies
 They leave behind them you shall well defend,
 Not without wordy wars and bloody. I
 Will still befriend you. Now behold at once
 The first part of your happiness, your spouse,
 Led by the happy accident no doubt,
 This way approaches. I will hide myself,
 While you invite him to the delicate banquet.

Adam. Slowly and half dejectedly ; oppressed
 With consciousness of evil, have I walked
 This garden of delights ; and now I come
 To that same spot, whereon the tree of knowledge
 Hangs forth the tempting mischief. Here I drew
 My heaven-derivèd birth ; here first awoke
 To sense of life and feeling, and blest hope
 Of Godlike immortality. And now,
 Wearied with wandering through my vacant bowers,
 Return I with strange awe and presage dire ;
 A clinging wild presentiment of woe
 Unfelt before. For nowhere can I find
 My Eve, my beautiful, my ever young
 Amiably pensive one, who sweetly smiles—
 O how familiarly !—and sweetly speaks

Words which begin in rapture, and then fade
Into elegiac music, which still charms,
And still subdues the melancholy soul.
Alas! I doubt me, but her sportive step
Hath hither strayed to the forbidden tree,
Led on by metaphysical subtle craft,
Or her own feminine ambition. Oh,
Even here she is, wrapt in the atmosphere
Of her own light and loveliness. My Eve,
What luxury find'st thou on this haunted ground,
That hath so long stolen thy dear company
From him whose heart would break with more of love,
Yet cannot live with less?—Tell me, my prettiest.

Eve. Nay, ask me not, my Lord. Dost thou not mark
How this same tree scatters delicious shade
Of fragrant coolness thro' the noontide air,
And lends unmatched fruitage for bold hands
To pluck what cowards only would refuse.

Adam. What do I see!—Lo, is not this the fruit
Whereof our God commanded not to eat?

Eve. Even so. And this the very reason is
That I such harsh commands did violate.
Look, my own spouse, see how the golden sheen
Blends with the rosy vermeil! Canst thou think
Such exquisite exteriors ever hide
An inward mischief? nay, impossible!

Adam. The icy coldness shudders thro' my frame;
A pang like death, sudden, unutterable.
I faint, I die. Mute horror doth unfix
My clustered locks; and the free breath of life
Curdles within me. O ye spiritual powers,
That in your sightless substances pervade
And quicken boundless Nature, here direct
Your many-flashing and infallible eyes,
And, if capacity of grief be yours,
Drop your full tears, and wail the Fall of Man.

Eve. O my blest Lord, do not, for mercy, speak
Those conscience-thrilling words! believe me, sweet,
No crime have I committed to produce
Such ominous sighs—such soul-expiring sobs
Of bursting lamentation. Dry at once
Thy needless tears; dare what thy wife has dared;
And, from the hand so often kissed by lips
Of burning love, accept the proffered fruit.

Adam. And dost thou wish, my lost and fallen one,
That I, too, should desert the righteous laws
Of the sole God, and follow thee to death?

Eve. Were it not worthier, Adam, to exert
Your own cool balanced reason, than give way

To blind impressions ?for this hasty style
Of prejudice still errs. You have condemned
Your innocent wife unheard. I do confess
I did the deed; I do deny it wrong.

Adam. Is it then right to break our Lord's command?

Eve. Yes, if our Lord happen to be unjust.

Adam. If just, we love, if not we ought to bear.

Eve. And is not slavery, think'st thou, worse than death?

Adam. But to serve God is highest liberty.

Eve. Is it not higher still to be as God?

Adam. But to be as God man was never made.

Eve. Yes, this forbidden tree will make him such—
It is the source of knowledge of all good.

Adam. Of knowledge, good and evil, was it not?

Eve. Ah, but the very God you love to praise
As he knows good, knows he not evil too?

Adam. That he may never feel it as thou feelest.

Eve. Away with omens! of the deed I am proud,
And do exult in consciousness of power.

Adam. To obey is virtue's first, her safest course;
And to repent her second,—to do good
Without all imperfection none can boast,
But to repent is open unto all,
And to return to virtue's blessed lore
Can never be too late. Be wise in time,
The penitent is next to innocence:
Still will heaven pardon Eve, if she repent.

Eve. How God is moved by prayers of penitence
The fate of Satan sure is proof enough.

Adam. Alas! what hope is left you?

Eve. To fear nought.

Adam. But God is to be feared.

Eve. Who fears an equal?

Adam. But you will die, be sure.

Eve. Nay, I shall live.

Adam. You're worthy death.

Eve. I am better worthy life.

Adam. Oh! what will you become?

Eve. What but a goddess?

Adam. And by what means?

Eve. By virtue of an apple.

Adam. Which God forbad.

Eve. Because he envied us.

Adam. Is it not impious, think you, to talk thus ?

Eve. Now, by our conjugal pure faith and love,
By thy dear eyes, and those embraces sweet
And unrevealable, if ever bliss
Was richly shared between us, I implore
Forgiveness from thee. O forsake me not,
My only love, but rather join thyself
By the same bond with me, that you may keep
Our nuptial contract sacred thro' all fears,
All perils. If dear happiness attend
This bold exploit, is it not fit that thou
Should'st share it with me ; and if evil come,
Is it not thine, my Adam, to take part
Of my misfortune ; and with soothing words,
And labours of fond sympathy, to cheer
Thy grief-oppressed mistress ? Let there be
Such sweet communion of the o'er-credulous heart
Betwixt us, as defies all destiny,
Both good and ill, to sever—sorrow-proof—
But lay aside all fear. Our better stars
Smile on the adventure—my aspiring mind
Glow with a quenchless ardour. I will bless
Thee also with my blessing ; for the fruit
Fills me with exultation. O I grieve
To see my own devoted godlike spouse
Still crushed by scrupulous doubts, and round his neck
The galling yoke of superstitious fear,
That worst of slavery. Thus while you dream
Yourself most blest, the deeper sinks your soul
In abject prostitution. Why refuse
This spirit-kindling gift, this proper food
Of thy immortal genius, and thy powers
Invincible of isangelic thought ?
Art thou not born immortal—a fit match
And proper mate for Heaven's divinities ?
Imparadise your soul in its own sphere,
Midst the crystalline stars ; and burst the reins
Of impotent terror, which so ill befit
Thy proud and dauntless nature. Follow me,
And from this abject poverty of mind
Arise at once, and snatch the gift that makes
The hero and the god. Then will you owe
To your own prowess better things than those
Tamely bestowed and passively received—
Blessings of common Providence. Be bold,
Fear nothing but the name of fear : for me,
I'd rather bear the blame of daring crime
Boldly, than be accused of dreading it.

Adam. But faith and love towards the Invisible
Supreme still bind me with eternal chains.

Eve. 'Tis folly so to love as to forget
Your love may prove your enemy. So love
As not to give occasion for the birth
Of hate. But grant love's yoke delectable
To bear—what then? Is it to be preferred
Before our conjugal bond, love's proper pledge?
What ill have I committed half so bad
As this, to call in question the true faith
Of your own wife? For shame! Can I be blest,
And yet suspected, vilified? I must
Indeed become most hateful, if I fail
Of love from him whose love is more than life!

Adam. Thy words have half unmann'd me. Equal cares
Perplex my harrassed soul: the love of God—
The love of woman—mighty both, and strong
Necessities of nature. If I break his will
He holds me his despiser; and if her's,
She calls herself suspected. How my heart
Is urged betwixt the opposing tides of love!
Even like a narrow shore, washed by the waves
Of storm-embattled oceans, so my soul
Is wrought by the stern conflict of desires
And passionate aspirations. O my God!
Till now I nothing else have loved but Thee;
I loved Thee even in her: because she seemed
Thy second image—thy pure spiritual love
Embodied in its beauty, and brought down
From heaven to earth, to lead my thought-racked soul
Back to the skies. Ah! what can I deny
To one so precious?—Unto Thee the theft
Of this sole fruit is less a bitter crime
Than breach of thy command, the last, the best,
Of conjugal affection. Therefore I
Will taste the fruit already in my hand.

Eve. O words well worthy of the name of man!
Now am I sure thou lov'st me: taste and prove
The mystic virtues of this marvellous fruit,
And learn both good and evil. God shall find
An equal, and be jealous, though in vain,
Of human deities, to whom, no doubt,
Prayers also shall be made. Alas! what now?
What sudden paleness falls upon thy cheek?
How droops thy head! Methinks the curse of Heaven,
The horrible, the avenging stroke of death
Already blights him. O my God, my God!
On me hurl all thy thunders; pour at once
Thy blasting indignation; but Oh spare!
Spare, for thy love's sake, spare my innocent husband!

Chorus of Angels.

The sun looks dim and desolate ;
Its light is dark—its heat is fled,
And all the stars bewail the fate
Of man, whose glory all is dead.
And the great ocean echoes back
The dirge-note of the murmuring spheres,
And mourns the omen, dire and black,
Which wraps in shade all future years.

O hapless ! O insensate man !
The deed is done, the doom is sealed,
And Heaven's eternal curse and ban
Is frowning o'er thee, half revealed,
Half hid in horrors. Now fair fame
Is gone for ever, and you stand
All naked to the blast of shame ;
An impious, perjured, exiled band.

Now immortality of life
Is gone, with all its boundless charms ;
And you are stung with the harsh strife
Of envy, hatred, and the alarms
That wait on mischief, and your heart
Lies crushed beneath the o'erwhelming sense
Of death, that never shall depart
Till the last spark of sin's offence
Is quenched in gushing penitence.

Alas, alas ! we dare not tell
The vision of the bleeding woes
Which on the opening future swell,
And to the astonished sight disclose
The mystery of guilt and grief,
And pain and terror, and mad crime—
Dark tortures which have no relief,
Unless by grace and love sublime,
Nor end with finished life or time.

But ah ! if He, unnamed above,
Who comes to blast and to destroy,
Should triumph over faith and love
And blight the flowers of human joy,
Will not our God, who did create,
Redeem the erring sons of men,
And make all creatures, small and great,
All holy, pure, and blest again.

ACT V.

Satan. All things have happened to my wish. I strike
 My head against the effulgent stars of heaven,
 And boast myself a god. Do I not sway
 The aerial atmosphere, the liquid main,
 And all the solid earth, both round about
 Its broad circumference, and within its womb
 Of fire and smoke, and blackness of despair.
 My exile grows delectable. This feat
 Of valorous prowess thro' all Hell shall ring
 My fame, and make the envy-jabbering fiends
 Right jealous of ambition, and no less
 The emulous rivals of my chivalry.
 Now, my revenge, take thy sweet fill, and drink
 Even to the dregs the cup of ecstasy,
 And so, intoxicate with others' woes,
 Forget thy proper torture! Ah, proud man!
 My slave, my subject now, methinks I hear
 The Almighty's curse, already on the wing,
 Muttering revenge. Away, and linger not.
 Quit your ripe garden of delight: begone,
 Ye vagrant vagabond exiles of my hate,
 Rush shrieking from your Eden's gates and learn
 The sweets of foreign travel. Yes, ye fools!
 I give ye leave to wander; wander on
 For ever and for ever. Make the most
 Of your free will, ye idiots. But where'er
 Ye bend your weary bleeding steps ye take
 My omnipresence with you, and my curse
 Of death, if not damnation. I will vex
 Your wrought souls with my furies, and the lash
 Of scorpion-stinging rage, and passionate hate
 Shall goad ye to the dust from whence ye rose.
 No flight remains, no exit, no escape
 From my choice metaphysical donjon-keep—
 This blasted earth. And Time, all-soothing Time,
 With his benign philosophy, shall add
 Fresh rapture to your torments of despair.
 Yes! hie ye forth,—invest yourselves at once
 With this new fee and territory, the large
 The desolate waste, and thunder-smitten scope
 Of your poised planet, which I'll do my best
 To make as barren and untillable
 As the infernal sulphur; till your heart
 Envy the blest repose of the damn'd fiends
 You once so bravely scorned, and not in vain,
 For they can answer insults with good grace;
 Or take them, and pay interest for their wrongs.
 Thus shall my vengeance ever live with you,

But with you shall not die. It shall survive
And be the precious heritage bequeathed
To your predestined progeny. Your sons
And daughters shall enjoy, as well as you,
This heir-loom of your infamy, and share
The testamentary bequest of Hell.
Satan, rejoice! Blow thy full trump of fame,
All-conquering regicide! Exult, be glad;
Cherish thy heart with lies and murders dire,
And glorify thy shame. Ay, cast thyself,
In all thy plenitude of damnèd power
And rage, into man's heart,—steep it brimful
With blasphemy and lust. Let fathers curse
Their first-born sons, and mothers wash their hands
In sucklings' blood, and ireful brethren dream
The reeking dreams of fratricide, and so
Run howling through the weird and sterile world,
Gnashing the teeth of madness, self-consumed,
And rearing oft their gory arms to heaven,
With clenched imprecations. Then shall God
Repent of making man; and Earth herself,
Sick of her own abortions, shall relapse
To Chaos and Old Night, and many a flood
Of roaring ocean strive with hidden fires
To purge the planetary pest in vain.
Adam, thou little knowest of ills like these;
Yet come they shall. The coward sense of shame
Already I discern; and you shall weave
The leafy-fruited branch, wherewith to hide
Your brand of nakedness, not so concealed
But passionate lust shall quicken in your heart,
And bring soft images of vague desire
O'er the mind's eye; and ye shall shake with fear
And impotent repentance, and shall read
Your conscious crimes reflected in the looks
Of friend and foe, and so grow pale within
With unrevealed irrevocable sins,
And hate the all-beholding day, and love
Night's pitchy blanketing. And hope shall fade,
Self-withered, self-sepulchred, in despair.
But lo, the curse of God already smites
Adam! He stands like the mute lunatic,
When the broad moon with many-flashing fires
Blasts his crushed heart. His eye glares wildly forth
With his unutterable thoughts: his lips
Quiver with impotent eloquence. By turns
The snow-white horror chases from his cheek
That flaring blush of self-wrought infamy.
Alas, how dire the change! But list, he speaks.

Adam. What am I? where? what have I done? Begone,
Spectres of horror—phantoms of despair—

Avaunt! Aha! am I the very lord
 Of Eden or of Hell? Methinks I see,
 With some new opened visionary sight,
 The infernal gulph, and ever as I gaze
 Lo the mysterious and Titanic power
 Of grisly Death strides onward; and on me
 Fixes his Gorgon frown. My wife, my Eve,
 Dost thou not mark the goblin frantic band
 Of grinning furies? Hideously they dance
 Before his shadowy steps, and shake abroad
 Their snake-beclotted hair, and howl, and hiss,
 And shriek in their mad laughter. Oh my God!
 How horribly near they come. Avaunt and vanish!
 Ye demon throng, ye damnèd sons of Night,
 I hurl ye from me, ye apostate ones.
 Heaven's curse be on ye all! And yet more close
 And closer they approach, and Death, and Sin,
 The monster-teeming sorceress of Hell,
 Still lead them on. A ghostly train of woes
 Follows interminable. Direful plagues
 Of gaunt and bony Famine, and the pale
 And withered phalanx of Disease, and Care,
 Haggard and bowed with labour, and wild Wars,
 Discord, and Battle, waving fast and far
 Their blood-baptisèd standards. I can see
 No more; such dizzy horror racks my soul.

Eve. What! art thou mad? What spectres of strange fear
 Thus shake thy steadfast soul? Come, be a man;
 Nor, coward-like, shrink backward from the dreams
 Of your own idle fancy. They who fight
 With self-created mockeries should at least
 Beware of showing others they are fools.

Adam. Thou star-compelling Majesty of Heaven,
 Why do thy inmost purple Spirits of light
 Flash thro' the cleaving firmament; and why
 Do those, the sable-vested thunder-clouds,
 Scatter their spangled forest-splintering bolts
 Thro' all the wizard air? Why swells the note
 Of tempest, mingled with the ominous roar
 That ocean, from his hollow-sounding caves,
 Moans forth, like a wild wailing dirge? Behold,
 Omnipotent God, the victim of thy doom
 Naked before thee. Dost thou not extend
 Thy red right hand to smite me, and prepare
 The triple-forkèd, and heart-blistering fires
 To scorch me into nothingness? Methinks
 This vast and planet-blazoned universe,
 Sinks in some huge eclipse, and all the stars
 Rush to chaotic battle in the skies,
 And hurl their last expiring curse on me.

Eve. Alas, my spouse! why will you not begin
To act less like the jibbering maniac,
Whose words are imprecations and despair?
If vengeance is decreed, why come it must,
And we must bear it gallantly; and so
Either destroy, or by it be destroyed.

Adam. Ay, come it must; and better it come now
Than keep my agonising heart all racked
In ecstasy of this suspense. Thou Earth,
Open at once thy hot and sulphurous womb,
And, if thou canst, O make us what we were,
Thy dust of dissolution. Or, if Hell
May best agree with guiltiness, unbar
Ye flaming gates of Tartarus; for ne'er
Did richer spoil, or nobler victims greet
The sable gulf, where exiled demons dwell.

Eve. O my loved lord! I pri'thee speak not so;
There is no sin repentance cannot cure.

Adam. Alas! thou little knowest what sin is our's;
What words can utter it, or what laments
Atone the apostasy, wherein all law,
Right, justice, mercy, faith, felicity,
And peace all perished. Never more to us
Shall joy return, or hope; eternal grief,
Forever fresh, forever unfulfilled,
Shall waste our cankered hearts. For we have left
Our God, and God shall leave us to ourselves.
O exquisite rebellion! thou most curst,
And unforgiveable treachery. That free minds,
Made but to serve their Maker, thus should strive
To serve themselves, and thus themselves destroy
By deadliest suicide. That the frank love
Of sons to a dear father, should be locked
In their own thankless bosoms, and become
Infernal fire to blast them; so bowed down
Beneath the pitiful brute, and the poor worm
We trample. Hence, thou mad and blasphemous soul,
Thou hast deserted God, thy Father:—now
Desert thy vilified body, and at once
Learn the whole mystery of the curse of death.

Eve. Beware, rash man; thou dost but aggravate
Thy grief and mine by these foul execrations.

Adam. Well, and what then? Even now I taste of death,
And of perdition—dying, perishing,
In my lost soul, ere yet I feel the sting
That soon shall quite dissolve me, and consume
To nothing this essential. Am I not
Accursed of God, and is not his stern doom

Grimmer than thousand sepulchres ? Ay, worse
 Than Hell, whereto I haste. I will forego
 The abeyance of my fate, and with bold hand
 Anticipate black destiny, and be
 My own most just avenger. I will live
 No living death—still dying never dead.
 No dull, procrastinating, cankering blight,
 For me at least. I go—I go alone,
 And in this swift voraginous tide of fate,
 The many-voiced Euphrates, will I lose
 This more than lost existence, and be borne
 To the unfathomable deep, and lie
 On undiscovered shores, o'er which the waves
 Howl their monotonous elegies, and Night
 Forever broods in wizard solitude.

Eve. He, who by evil seeks to cure his ill,
 Doth but increase the wrong he hates. This crime
 Is surely worth surviving, if 'tis worth
 Thus rashly dying for. Let not the soul
 So madly leave its form, but rather wait
 Till body leaves the mind. Thus quietly
 Expect the doomed, the inevitable hour
 When our tired spirits shall, by just decree,
 Resign their sad mortalities; and God,
 Great Arbiter of life and death, shall loose
 The yoke, and bid his weary ones go home.
 At his command death wears the charm of duty;
 But now t'were madness, sin, and infamy.

Adam. No, Eve; not so hath dissolute passion quenched
 All sense of spiritual shame indelible.
 Think 'st thou, fond fool, that I will thus live on,
 The scorn of my own slaves? Methinks I hear
 All beasts and birds, and insect-wingèd things,
 Lift up their pitiful voices, some in hate,
 Or worse compassion, and at once exclaim,
 As with the thunder-peal of vengeance—Die!
 Begone, and slay thyself! Let the earth hide
 Thy curse-crowned execrable head, and hurl
 Thy spirit down the blazing throat of Hell,
 That gapes for thy destruction. Yes, I hear
 Their words, and will obey them. All my vows
 Shall be accomplished, gallantly at least,
 If madly, let it be so. Why should I
 Longer detain this conscience-scorched soul,
 Amid the upbraiding light? Have I not lost
 All things worth living for?—my power, my joy,
 My kingdom, my salvation, my own self—
 All but my life? Nay; counsel not in vain.

Eve. Alas! sweet consort of my blighted heart!
 Why thus persist in passionate words? Why rush

To self-wrought doom so desperately? Reflect,
If you consent to live, will not your life
Improve, and bring a happier calmer hour
For mortal dissolution? In the past
The crime hath been all mine. The punishment
Will doubly light on me; but if you act
This other sin, so unrepentable,
Of your own choice, and wilfully against
Your Eve's dearest soliciting,—O think,
Will you not mourn persuasion, thus despised?

Adam. I have believed thee once, and once too much.

Eve. And wilt thou slay me too?

Adam. No; rather I
Would die a thousand deaths, than harm my Eve.

Eve. Though your wild grief will not itself submit
To your own conscience, reason, and pure sense
Of truth and prudence, yet forbear a while,
And listen to your wife—if e'er you owed
To her soft words attention. O, ye fates!
That woman thus should act the comforter
To man, and so invert great Nature's law;
And yet it much concerns me to repair
By words, the bitter ills that words have wrought
To him, to me, to all. My dearest lord,
Who for my sake did'st risk all perilous doom,
Shall I not by my tears, my bursting sighs,
My agonies of heart, attempt to save
Him whom my madness ruined. O forbear!
This most insensate and precipitous storm
Of passionate outcries. Struggle with despair,
And triumph o'er yourself. So it befits
The manly mind to conquer and subdue
All doubts, all fears, all evils. I implore,
I do beseech thee, Adam, spare thy life,
For thy wife's sake at least. You boast yourself
Strong, valiant, half omnipotent of soul,
To mock at death and trample on the grave.
Now to my mind, 'tis more like cowardice
To fear to live. He best o'er-masters death
Who doth not wish nor hate it. Therefore arm
Thy breast with shield of manliest fortitude,
And face the opposing host. The past is nought
But an ingenuous error. If you fall
Amid the gallant combat, you'll be like
A brave and innocent hero. If you die
By your own hand, you sign your verdict just
And seal your own death-warrant miserably.

Adam. Whence does she borrow these sweet words of truth
Virtue and innocence amid this crowd

Of thronging infamies? Methinks her tongue
 Hath counselled well and lovingly, and much
 Reason and delicate tenderness are blent
 In all she says. But vehement deadly rage,
 And the black hurricane of thick despair
 Urge on the unshunnable doom. My stricken soul
 Conscious of its wild error, and amazed
 By its own savage phantasm, foregoes
 All better thoughts, and whirls and hurries on
 Thro' diabolical buffooneries
 Of madd'ning guilt. None but the Almighty Power
 Who made me can absolve me or forgive.
 But thou, unhappy bride of the first man,
 Leave me. Ah! leave thy miserable spouse,
 And let me, all companionless and lone,
 Pay the great debt of Nature, and have rest.

Eve. By our most sacred nature and our name,
 Our divine union, and our holy love,
 Whether as self-creating sire, thou callest
 Me thy own wife, and proper counterpart,
 Or whether born of thy collateral blood,
 Thou nam'st me Sister, and dear Parallel;
 Or in descending series so derived,
 Inferior and complex, thou lovest me best
 As thy submissive Daughter—leave me not—
 Now most I need thy kind protecting care
 When Fortune takes her flight. Thou sole support,
 Last refuge of thy outcast, hopeless one.
 I clasp thee to my heart, nor let thee go,
 But with my latest sigh. Let not the race
 Of mortal men, by one delirious deed,
 Utterly perish, thro' our filicide.

Adam. And does not death, which thus extinguishes
 The infinity of woes, look temptingly?
 At least it is not frightful—if it be
 No worse than thou imaginest. Therefore cease
 Vain words of consolation—let me die.

Eve. And what shall be my fate if death be thine?
 Shall I, deserted, widowed, desolate,
 And quite unparadised in heart, live on
 To wander in the wilderness, and keep
 Companionship with monsters; and still list
 The insatiable roar of cavern-haunting wolves,
 Tigers, and ravening lions. Oh, my spouse!
 If this be your best pity, rather take
 My life at once, and all thy gift resume.
 Ay, take it. Art thou not most innocent,
 While I am queen of sin, infanticide,
 And speechless shame? Behold my naked throat,
 My bosom bared and ready for the blow—

The author of your infamy. Ah ! why Resist—why hesitate ? Avenge yourself—Prepare for the sweet sacrifice. Your heart Requires a little hardening, and your hand Is not yet quite familiarised enough With blood. Be quick—I'll brook no long delay—Or with my woman's hand will I tear out My more than woman's heart. Though false to God, True, aye, most true to thee, I do deserve The fate which I solicit well thou knowest. And if the thunder-grasping hand of Him Who made and can annihilate should hurl His three-forked corruscating thunder-bolt All crashing on my head, I should not half Atone the unforgiveable damned crime. O impious Eve ! why hesitate to die ? Was't not enough to sin thyself, not make Thy innocent lover sinful, and in him Destroy thy unborn progeny ? At least, Let me who first transgression did essay Find the first privilege and proof of death, So justly due. However miserable The mortal pang may be, no day shall then Behold me widowed, and no night repeat The echo of my mourning and despair.

Adam. Nay, my sweet Eve, 'tis mine to show the way To the dark gulph, and first to brave whate'er Of grim or terrible besets the gates That ever open stand to those that seek Mortality. I therefore will die first, Who cannot live without thee, and then thou, If so thy heart incline ; and we will sleep The last long sleep together, in the shade Of that disastrous tree, whose fruit to gain All things were lost but misery and despair.

Eve. Alas ! what noise is that ? How is it with us When every sound affrights ? Methinks I hear A noise of distant hurricanes at war ; The rush of their invisible combat swells And hurtles thro' the air. A hollow din Of ominous, dirge-like thunder howls aloft ; And as it comes reverberating down The many-sphered firmament, a strange And impotent horror thrills the aching nerve Of intense expectation. Lo ! the trees Nod their huge heads around us, and the floods Lift up their deep-toned murmurs wailingly !

Adam. The guilt-avenging God, whom most we dread, Is hastening in his swift omnipotence To crush and to consume us. Let us fly

Instantly where the dark-embowering woods
 Expel the light, and shield us from his eye,
 In their profoundest glooms. The sense of shame
 Urges me onwards, and I blush and pale,
 Smit by the infamous disgrace, and think
 The massive forest all too thin a veil
 To mask my degradation. I survey
 My naked form—alas ! no leafy zone
 Can blanket up the brand which burns within !
 Now is fate near, my Eve ; let us prepare
 For death, and in each other's arms expire.

Jehovah. Adam ! where art thou ? In what bower of shade
 Dost thou attempt concealment ? Knowest thou not
 How vain to veil thyself from Him whose eye
 Makes darkness light ? Whose omnipresence fills
 All minds, all bodies, and is still the same ?
 'Tis I, thy God ! before whose burning steps
 The ethereal spheres bow down, and own the Judge
 Of irreversible decrees. 'Tis I
 Who made thee, and endowed thee with all gifts !
 Can such a son from such a father hide,
 And seek to escape ubiquity ? Come forth !
 I do arrest thee, fugitive of heaven !

Adam. Lord, I obey thee ; but I heard thy voice
 Walking the garden, and the spiritual awe,
 That sacred horror, smote me, and I fled,
 Unable to sustain the unwonted face
 Of thy omnipotent majesty ; and shame
 Bad me retire, lest, with my naked form,
 I should pollute thy sanctity, and die.

Jehovah. Who told thee thou wast naked ? Shame like this
 Follows the sense of guilt. Confess thy crime
 At once, nor aggravate by lies. Declare
 If thou hast eaten the forbidden fruit
 Whose penalty is death :—hast thou so done ?

Adam. It was the woman's crime ; she, with sweet words,
 And her bewitching blandishments, did win
 My fond ambition to the dire offence.

Jehovah. Thou most pernicious wife, why hast thou thus
 Tempted thy own destruction, and thy husband's ?

Eve. The serpent, Lord, beguiled me, and so
 Seduced my frail simplicity of sex
 And credulous desire, that I did eat.

Jehovah. Accursed serpent ! by the apostate fiend
 Inspired with hell's own malice, hear thy fate :
 Because thou hast done this, thou shalt be filled
 With poisonous venom, and shalt crawl and coil
 Along the slimy earth, the hate and dread

Of man and beast, and dust shall be thy food.
And know, thou outcast demon, that this plot
Against this woman shall at last outburst
With triple ruin and confusion poured
On thy own head. Myself will be her friend,
Her champion armed. My word shall advocate
The woman's cause, and my free spirit burn
Within her kindling conscience, and the host
Of ministering angels still protect
The spark of immortality. Her seed
Shall be her Saviour, and his brethren love
His bright regeneration, and detest
The foul apostate traitor by whose fraud
And complicate perversity they fell.
Thou hast indeed bruised her heel, but she
Shall sorer crush thy head, and be avenged;
For so my grace shall triumph o'er my justice.
But thou, O guilty woman! shalt not thus
All purifying anguish, chastening grief,
Escape, or woe remedial, curative;
For thy desire and trembling fear shall grow
Towards thy injured husband. He shall rule
More sternly, more severely, over her,
So nearly his perdition and his curse.
And I will multiply thy motherly cares
And sorrows in conception and in birth.
Thou, too, her spouse—thou conscience-smitten man—
Whose faith thus grievously hath been seduced
By demon pride and passion—for thy sake
I curse the ground thou tillest, and in woe
And tribulation, and the sweat of brow,
Shalt thou elicit from its sterile womb
Thy hard-earned sustenance, till thou return
To dust, whence thou wast taken, and repose,
After life's fitful fever, in the grave.

Adam. O hard condition! spirit-blighting curse!
How shall all joy hereafter be dissolved
In gushing tears of penitence and shame!

Jehovah. Now, grace-delivered victim of just doom,
Survey thyself and know thyself a man;
Thou who erewhile by knowledge didst attempt
To equal the Supreme! what art thou now?
How changed, how fallen thy aspect; how o'erweiled
With inextinguishable mournfulness!
Ambitioning the greatest, thou hast lost
The great, the good, the immaculate, the fair;
And that bright passion, too refined for earth,
For Heaven too voluptuous, is commixed
With heart-consuming care. Now, lest ye pluck
That tree of life immortal, ne'er restored
But by all-sacrificing death, behold!

I call the swift-winged cherubim of heaven,
And bid them watch with many-flashing swords
That vital fruit which faith alone can pluck
From the original stem, eternally.

Eve. They come ! they come ! before their burning course
The sudden lightnings glare, and momentarily
A universal and mysterious flame
Enwraps lost Eden. The ineffable light
Pervades the wandering air, and all the trees
Glow in its hot embraces unconsumed.
These are the host of Him who doth command
Our instant flight from hence : let us obey.

Adam. O thou almighty and ubiquitous Power !
No longer I resist ; thy fatherly will
Subdues my heart to love ; and now I long
To fly where'er thy high directing hand
Appoints my dwelling. Yet my heart is sad
To quit this charmed birthplace, and my eye,
Wet with its many-gushing tears, looks back
To take its long, its last farewell of Eden.
Where shall we wander ? Whither shall we bend
Our weary steps ? Where choose our place of rest
And find a home in exile, and a hope ?

[During the last month we have had the good fortune to meet with an original copy of the *ADAMUS EXUL*, ex *Typographio Alberti Henrici, Hogæ Comitatus, anno 1601*, which agrees with Dr. Parr's copy of Lauder's edition, from which we have translated, with the exception of a few typographical errors.]

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE.*

WE are not about to write a defence of Mr. Reynolds' volumes, which have been, we think, inconsiderately attacked ; but were we not personally inclined to favour the author, we should, nevertheless, cherish the attempt here made, of rendering the English public better acquainted with Modern French Literature, than it has hitherto been. Whatever may be its defects, and they are great as well as many, the prejudice that would exclude us from its investigation, is unworthy of the national character. None is more inquisitive than the free-born Briton ; yet, unfortunately, none is

* By George W. M. Reynolds. Member of the French Statistical and Agricultural Societies, &c. &c., in 2 vols. London : George Henderson. 1839.

The Authors of France ; an Historical, Anecdotal, and Literary Outline of French Literature, from the Origin of the French Language to the Present Period. By Achilles Albites, B.A. & B.L. of the University of Paris. London : Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria Lane. 1839.

more bound in conventionalism. Much of this is owing to his insular position. The man of the continent has a wider breathing space, and his mind enlarges in its contemplation beyond the limits of mere local custom. We have before said, that it is the peculiar office of literature to transcend manners in favour of morals, whenever it so happens that morals have been substituted by manners. There would have been no need of a new dispensation, if the old had not sunk the spirit of religion in the letter of authority. The same need that there was aforesaid for a spiritual renewal has since recurred, in later days, for political revolutions; they are, and have been, means toward man's regeneration, individually and socially, morally and physically. It is the part of wisdom to read the Signs of the Times, whether of the past or the present; not to deride or to condemn;—that we may be instructed in the designs of Providence, and understand the position we occupy in relation to the general scheme of events.

We are not, therefore, inclined to sympathise with those alarmists who find in books like the present, all that is to be avoided. We are Englishmen; but we are also Cosmopolitans. We are Christians; yet we believe the doctrine that the FATHER has made of one blood all the nations of men. We are, therefore, advocates for "a truly impartial examination into the literature, jurisprudence, social condition, and commercial relations," not only of France, but of all lands.

The first French Revolution was attributed to the character of French literature; and the second—of three days—has been attributed to the same cause. It is unphilosophical to place any antecedent effect as the cause of a succeeding one. The same cause, no doubt, lies at the bottom of both; which cause is no phenomenon, but a spiritual basis of which both are equally the exponents, and nothing more. This common cause is what we have to question; and ultimately it will turn out to be nothing less than a divine disposition—not the less to be esteemed because of the follies, or even the crimes of mankind: for of both it may be said, that they are the wisdom and knowledge of God.

Let us then, with a calm mind, examine the literature of France, whether previous to the first or the second Revolution, having respect to the motive. "It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul! Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars!" Name it—why, it is the Ineffable! The causes that overthrow empires are as deep-seated and invisible as those which establish them. A shallow sciolist is he, who seeks for these in the dispositions of the people, the conquests of a prince, the talents of a general, the insupportable weight of tyranny, or the violation of a compact. These are effects, not causes!! The eighteenth century in France was marked, among other appearances, by popular expressions of opinion, and the production of literary works. These opinions and writings, as the most significant phenomena of the period, bore the blame which properly appertained only to what gave rise to them and other effects.

There are a genesis and an exodus in human developement: to

the former the philosophy, to the latter the history of man's mind belongs. The age has its genius:—it possesses first individual minds—then the masses. The leaven, little at first, at length leavens the whole lump. The kingdom of heaven, that was in the beginning but as a grain of mustard-seed, has lately grown into a tall and spreading tree.

Those who took no part in the events, says De Baraut, and who came into the world too late to take any side in the discords of the last century, are more likely to judge impartially of the era, which, perhaps, may appear to such as a vast drama, the *denouement* of which was as inevitable as the commencement and the progress were necessary. They will follow the course of opinions during the era; enquire into the moment of separation; note the various steps which had been taken, and the time that had been arraigned. Literature, in their views, is neither a conspiracy of the literati to overturn established order, nor a noble concert for the benefit of the human species; they consider it as the expression of society; so define it to be praiseworthy genius. Applying this idea to the eighteenth century, they develope it in all its details; they see that letters, instead of regulating, as some have said, the thoughts and actions of a people, are very often the result, and immediately consequent upon them; and that they could not change the form or constitution of a government, the habits of society—in a word, the relations subsisting among men—without literature shortly after undergoing a correspondent alteration. They see how public opinions formed themselves—how writers adopted and developed them, and how the direction in which writers travelled was marked out to them by the age. It was a current which they navigated: their movements hastened its rapidity, but the age gave it the first impulse. Such is the idea they form of the influence of men on letters.

The eighteenth century was preceded by others; and certain indications in the sixteenth might have suggested to the powers that were the brewing of an earthquake in the abyss of the future. It has been well observed that literature and science had not previously mingled in the trade of the world; they had ennobled leisure indeed; but the business of life had blundered on without them. Cardinal Richelieu showed what influence they might exert on the most difficult affairs. Still at first their exercise was rather speculative than practical, and theories were attempted in execution which were utterly unfitted for the social condition of the age. Then commenced the war of reason against custom;—to decide it, the unprepared people were called in, and the passions did what physical strength was required to perform, and ignorantly made a murder of what was meant to be a sacrifice to honour.

Meantime authors had become inspired with boldness and independence unknown before: Courcille, Mézeray, Balzac, St. Réal, Lamothe-Levayer, were of this class. "Shortly after," rightly remarks De Baraut, "and more particularly during the troubles of La Fronde, we find a crowd of writers of another stamp, who were also quickly to disappear. The levity, mirth, familiarity,

often the profundity, of Charleval, St. Evremont, of Hamilton his disciple (although he wrote later), depended also upon the circumstances [law] of that epoch. The Cardinal Retz knew how to preserve in his memoirs the style of the heroes of La Fronde. Pascal, who then began to shine, felt also those influences. Later, when the great Arnaud lived in exile, his friend could not have impressed the provincials with the strength and independence of his character, without shewing equally the joke and the severe satire. Molière, who had lived in the society of many of those men, united, in some sort, vigour of talent, depth of observation, and jest in his style. Racine, younger, but who had frequented the last remains of that school, shews the same traces in his first works; and without doubt, Britannicus, also dissatisfied with the court and the public already changed, is a result of this first position. He took another path; and happily his genius seems to have lost nothing."

May it not suffice, in an essay of this kind, simply to mention, in continuation, the names of Fénelon, Massillon, Bossuet, Fleury, Rollin, and D'Aguessseau?—remarking that the splendour of Louis the fourteenth's reign was clouded by the monarch's misfortune and faults. He persecuted the protestants, and set an immoral example which pervaded all ranks of society. Meanwhile the idle life of the court, and the conversation of women, had destroyed the grave character that the French possessed in olden times, and had brought on a frivolity, which continued to increase. A spirit was soon generated, which alike depraved morals and literature.

M. Albites very properly reminds us that Bossuet, the "Aigle de Meaux," died 1704, the same year as the metaphysician, John Locke, whose principles, introduced and apparently simplified by Condillac, obtained great influence in France. "After all," says M. Albites, "Condillac only reproduced and carried to its last consequences the axiom of Zeno: 'Nothing exists in the mind which has not previously existed in the senses. *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu.*'" "Except the mind itself: *nisi intellectus ipse!*" was sublimely added by Leibnitz. These three words contain an entire philosophy—a future reaction of spiritualism against the doctrine which holds that all is matter, and repeats to mankind thirsting for hope, the inscription of Dante's Hell:—

"Lasciate ogni speranza!"

The little book from which we have quoted, deals with our subject in such a brief, lucid, and dashing manner, that we will take advantage of its lying on our table to make a still further use of it.

"With Massillon," writes M. Albites, "terminates the period of Louis XIV. the golden age of French literature. After the death of *le Grand Roi*, who had said, 'L'Etat c'est moi,' his throne was filled by a minor, Louis XV., a child soon spoiled by bad examples and a bad education. A rake full of talent, brilliant qualities, and urbanity, the Duke of Orleans, was Regent, and the contemptible Dubois was his prime minister! Then French society becomes as unruly as a school which the master has just left. The spirit of liberty,

which had been compressed for a length of time, bursts its shackles, but soon degenerates into licence. Writers, nobles, the middle classes, the people, government itself, every sphere seems agitated with feverish desires for change. The time which Louis XV., the king himself, did not spend at the 'Parc aux Cerfs,' or in Madame de Pompadour's boudoir, or in frying fritters with Madame du Barry, was by him employed in printing, with his own hands, the theories on Political Economy, written by his physician, Quesnay; the principle thought therein was to establish only a land tax, to be supported of course by the land-owners, 'la noblesse.' President Malesherbes (afterwards in 1793, the noble and unfortunate defender of Louis XVI.), Malesherbes himself corrected proofs of *L'Emile*, by J. J. Rousseau! Of what weight on public opinion could then be the decision of the consistent, but untalented old wigs of 'La Sorbonne,' which condemned the book to be burnt by the hand of the executioner, 'au place de Grève!' How is it possible to account for the patronage which the aristocracy bestowed on the new feelings? Probably, they imagined that these ideas of social liberty and equality were only interesting subjects of controversy—would always remain in the region of abstraction, and not eventually be transformed into practical realities!

"All eyes, however, were not deceived. At the first representation of Beaumarchais, *Mariage de Figaro*, a bold play, which spares nobody and nothing, when the merry barber concludes by saying, 'et tout finit par des chansons,' (*all ends with a song*), suddenly a terrible and prophetic voice from the pit exclaimed, 'Et tout finit par des canons!' (*all ends with cannon*). And true, indeed: the roaring of cannon was soon to be heard at La Bastille!"

The pre-existent harmony that seems to obtain between the speculative and practical operations of human intelligence, perhaps was never more cardinally exhibited. Even Protestantism led to scepticism. Bayle was one of the exiles made by the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and who continually revenged themselves for the persecutions they had unjustly suffered, by calumniating the king and the catholic clergy. Bayle, however, engaged not in the composition of obscure libels; but of an immortal work, which exhibited scepticism not as a mean only, but the *end* of erudition. Lighter wits afterwards used up his railleries with a grace in which he was wanting, and for a purpose probably never intended by him. It was thus that Voltaire fitted himself for representing an age of doubt in opinion and frivolity in manners.

Montesquieu's raillery was of a bitterer kind. His *Lettres Persanes* attacked the manners, the institutions, the establishments of France and Europe in general. But he redeemed himself afterwards by his "Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains," and his "Esprit des Lois." Rousseau recommended a return to the state of nature, and erroneously interpreted the *Contrat social* as an historical fact instead of a philosophical idea.

We will conclude our retrospect in the words of M. Albites—

"The bases of the *Contrat Social* are, the hypothesis of a primitive compact between society and its government, and the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people—'La Souveraineté du peuple.' It was a cry, which, like a dark speck on the horizon, portended storms! and those storms and tempests which every thing seemed to prognosticate, did not tarry. The air is fevered and agitated; black clouds gather with the utmost rapidity; distant and threatening moans are heard; the winds are set free!

"'Quà data porta ruunt et terras turbine perflant!' The roaring thunder approaches—lightnings flash across the horizon—bolts fall in every direction

—millions are struck—all is overthrown by the terrible hurricane, and the whole land is inundated with a sea of human blood! In the midst of this tremendous ruin, some noble, some generous voices are heard; but they are stifled by the cries of executioners and the groans of victims. Mirabeau, the Demosthenic giant! Barnave, Vergniaud! Marat, Robespierre! André Chenier, Bailly, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday!

"By degrees the tempest subsided, and a comparative calm ensued.

"Napoleon Buonaparte, General, Consul, Emperor, re-established order. The armies began to shew themselves, but the great captain, 'Membre de l'Institut,' mistrusted them; he allowed them words, but he did not like them to think. After having received from this master of military eloquence, from the new Charlemagne—that which the past devastation rendered so necessary—laws and laurels, order and glory, France thirsted for peace, and also for a moderate liberty. This the great soldier refused. Napoleon performed only half the necessary task; he knew how to give order—liberty he willed not. He fell.

"Since that period France has, in the midst of many vicissitudes, progressed at last in her desired career. Literature, of course, has felt the influence of this direction. All the great questions which agitate the human mind, have again been studied, and continue being meditated. God, Religion, Morality! theories of Psychology, Metaphysics, Æsthetics; in one word, Philosophy! History! Organisation of Industry! the Physical World! Political Economy, Constitution of Property, Association, Legislation, Government!—None of these high subjects have been neglected.

"In an Æsthetic point of view, French literature was divided at first into two camps; one was that of the great champions of certain Aristotelian rules (which are no where mentioned in Aristotle), at the same time great partisans of the literary forms of the age of Louis XIV., and called 'Classiques;' the other was the camp of the innovators, or partizans of the free forms which they saw generally adopted in Foreign literature, and called 'Romantiques.' But now the liberal minds of the two parties are no longer adversaries; they have agreed to admire and love the good and the beautiful wherever it may present itself, either in Racine, in Dante, Shakspeare, Schiller, or Calderon.

"Some persons, only partially acquainted with the actual state of literature in France, have imbibed unfavourable prejudices. Their dislike is generally derived from having perceived that some French modern novels have an injurious tendency. But what literature, what period, is entirely pure, entirely exempt from bad or tedious books? Is it just to condemn all for the faults of a few?"

Mr. Reynolds, in his *Modern Literature of France*, comes forward in defence of these very novels. We think that he errs in considering it the child of the Three Days' Revolution, and would have done more wisely in portraying the genius of the time of which both were the offspring. In like manner, he attributes certain points of liberalism in English newspaper literature to the Reform Bill, as if the Reform Bill were not itself an effect. The Reform Bill! that clumsy contrivance, a cause! Nay, but it is a most inefficient exponent of the common cause of many other phenomena, some of which even are not yet eliminated.

As Mr. Reynolds has confined himself to the literature of France since 1830, he declines all allusion to the publications of Le Sage, Louvet, Convet, or Pigault Lebrun. He begins with the Baroness Dudevant, who writes under the pseudonym of GEORGES SAND. "She is," says our author, "a republican in the *sans culotte* sense of the term." This is enough. But is her nakedness such as, from innocence, she need not be ashamed of? Alas! no. Yet why,

alas? How these confounded prejudices cling to us! The Three Days were the signs of the breaking up of these prejudices. France had had what she erroneously called her Age of Reason, which she afterwards found to have been the Age of Intellect. It was simply this, that the operations of the understanding had come to bear on the formulæ of conventional manners, and had shattered their limitations. But the intellectual has to be smitten, so that man may not longer be confined within the bounds of speculative judgements, but that a complete gaol delivery may take place into the pure ether of reason, and all society be reconstructed in the light of ideas as the criteria of institutions. Neither prison nor temple walls were accordingly left standing; and both in her life and works, Madame Dudevant exhibits a libertine aspect, which she herself understands not, and which Mr. Reynolds is unwise to vindicate. Both are phenomena which are to be interpreted according to the law of the time, and which are only justifiable by it, in the same manner as the career of an Attila or a Napoleon may be reconciled to the existence of a Providence, on the plea of their having been appointed as the scourges of God, needful in their day, though immediately evil in themselves, for the ultimate good of men and the present purgation of the world.

The specimen of the writings that pass under the name of Georges Sand, is excessively meagre. We sympathise little with the sorrows of a kept mistress, and esteem them but as the results of her position. For that position is society to blame? Society has provided an institution for the protection of woman. To the bonds of that protection the man of Metella's choice felt a reluctance. To that reluctance she seems to have yielded. Ere long, she finds a rival in her niece: both females act foolishly, and the man absconds. Does Georges Sand mean to tell us that the events (or their causes) of the Three Days of July have placed an uncommon number of ladies in similar peril?—that the law of the church—nay, the civil law of marriage—is so spurned by the male population of Paris, that for woman to fulfil her duties in the world—in a word, to become a mother—she must run the risk of desertion? What then? is this an evil or a good? Should it be encouraged or restrained? It would have been well if Mr. Reynolds had given the English reader analyses of *Rose et Blanche*, *Simon*, *Jacques*, *Indiana*, and *Valentine*, and other works of a writer, who is certainly great in power, though small in prudence; and whose great deficiency seems to be that of principle. *Seems*; for her admirers praise her for a versatility of talent in knocking down and building up systems of morals. Her apparent want of principle may therefore be only a real scorn of system, whereof much might be quoted even in praise. No doubt the mission of the age is to elevate man beyond and above system—to set him free from received fallacies; but in doing this, as we interpret the philosophy of the human being, it raises him to his true standard, and transports him into the region where law and principle are absolute, a region for which he has hitherto mistaken the shifty and sandy valley of ever-varying conception, and ever-differing opinion.

In considerations such as these lies the wisdom which both parties—those for and those against modern French Literature—have failed to detect, and invite from its hiding place. We must penetrate to the *root* of the matter, and not superficially content ourselves with distantly and carelessly considering the branches and their accidental variations. The cause is deep-seated, and requires much and calm attention, to be rightly appreciated or even understood. For the reason of things you must ask of the reason of man—each man for himself, of his own. Self-examination is the pre-condition for all other examination, even as inspiration is the pre-condition to intelligence itself. Such then are the qualifications required by us for the theorist, not only of revolutions, but of far meaner events. We have seen little of the kind that has been brought to bear on the question of the first French Revolution, save Mr. Thomas Carlyle's history; and of the revolt of three days we have seen nothing.

Those who occupy the mere arena of disputation, whether for or against either revolution, are too perplexed in party trammels to enjoy the freedom of mind required for the determination of the subject. Moral or immoral! Unless we rise above the party aspects of things, these words may only mean old and new—apparent and unapparent—and the last may mean the reality and substance of the former. The ruin of systems may be the salvation of man—as by the decomposition of body the soul is released—and thus the salvation of man may induce the ruin of systems.

At any rate it is confessed by all, that the recent French literature presents man rather than institutions, exhibits him in independence of systems, in individualities expressive of proper idiosyncrasies and spontaneous impulses. It may be that the Phoenix of the age to come is chipping the shell whose falling fragments only announce the approaching birth. Only through such wreck can the immortal bird reveal itself in the sun's eye, and reflect the sun's light in the glory of its own plumes! We should do well to observe the teaching of Providence in all the dispensations of Providence, since what *uncaused* Omnipotence manifestly permits, it essentially commits. No reasoning can escape from this conclusion. "Shall we receive good from the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" "I create day and I produce night, I make peace, and I create evil—I the Lord do all these things."

Depend then on this, as a philosophic truth of the highest value—that in this preference of man to any system or science of morality whatever, there is a sacred significance—a divine purpose—and that if recent French literature demonstrate such a preference, it is of high value. If the works of Georges Sand exemplify this principle, let them be esteemed for its sake, and whatever of dross they may besides contain—(and heaven knows, they contain much!) pass as an accident of little account.

Georges Sand has but lately published a new work—*Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre*. It is a dramatic poem—or a poetic drama. It gives one a better opinion of *Madame Dudevant* than we should get from Mr. Reynolds's notice. The redemption of the soul from,

and her elevation through, the senses. The poet has introduced Mephistopheles among her persons, who consist of Albertus the philosopher, Helene his ward, and Wilhelm Hanz, and others, his pupils, with a critic, a *maestro*, and a poet—Helene possesses a miraculous lyre—her father's spirit dwelling in it—and every while uttering truths, as she touches its informed strings. The whole thing is an allegory of the finest kind, and the most delicate conception.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC, the next author in Mr. Reynolds's list, had written under the name of Horace St. Aubyn, with inconsiderable effect; but, partaking of the spirit of which the *Three Days* were a manifestation, his mind learned a new lesson, and instantly understood its mission. Says the author before us, "It enlarged his views, laid open to him a wide field for observation in the scrutiny of man's character, and made him probably one of the most acute observers in the literary world." It was in *La Peau de Chagrin*, that Balzac "presented himself to the world as a new man, with new views, and new passions." His peculiar forte is in the descriptions of locality, persons and manners, and some of his tales are good—such as *Les Scènes de la Vie Privée*, *Les Scènes de la Vie de Provence*, and *Les Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*. But according to Mr. Reynolds, he was mainly indebted for his success to *La Femme de Trente Ans*. Take the writer's own account.

This story "won the hearts of those ladies who had arrived at an age, when they could never hope to be adopted as the heroines of a romancer. At thirty the French woman is older, in reference to taste, appearance and passions, than the English; and thus the extent of the compliment paid to the former, may be fully appreciated by the latter, were she to suppose, that at the age of five and thirty she was adored in a similar manner. The French are, moreover, frivolous and conceited; and very few married ladies, in the vortex of Parisian society, think of their domestic circles, their children, or their homes; but pleasure, adulation, noise, love, and the voluptuous dance, alone have charms for them. Balzac's work was therefore the means of securing him the favour of the married lady of thirty; and thus his popularity was as firmly established in the *boudoir* as it had already been in the circulating library and news-room. His publications became the study of the lady's maid, when the lady had devoured them; and the lady eulogised him to her husband and his friends, and the lady's maid to her friends again; and De Balzac, by a brilliant stroke of policy, enlisted a numerous and a powerful audience in his favour. Add to this happy circumstance, the beauty of his style, the deep interest which pervades his tales, and that unfinished mystery in which he delights to involve his heroes or heroines, and the secret of his vast popularity is revealed."

These, for the most part, it must be confessed, are but sorry grounds of popularity—but then popularity itself is every where but a sorry thing. From a Byron to a Bulwer, it celebrates the infamous rather than the truly admirable. The titles of De Balzac's remaining works are, *Eugenie Grandet*, *Medecin de Campagne*

Le Père Goriot, Le Lys de Vallée, Le Recherché de l' Absolu, Le Vicaire des Ardennes, and Annette et le Criminel.

The claims asserted on behalf of EUGENE SUE, as a naval novelist, we take to be perfectly absurd. They are, in fact, given up by Mr. Reynolds, when he confesses that his novels are maritime in nothing but the supposed scene. Licentious as may be this writer's romances, we cannot see in them anything that in particular illustrates the period of time in which he lives; and therefore we pass him over, as not entering into the scope of this article. For the same reason we shall pretermit FREDERICK SOULIE with his Lewis, Ratcliffe, and Maturin revivals.

M. ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE is a bird of other feather. This writer's name is well known; and we have so recently treated of his merits in a separate article in this magazine, that it is not now expedient to dwell much on them. There is much religious formalism about De Lamartine; in his *Meditations Poétiques*, his *Harmonies*, his *Voyage en Orient*, and his *Jocelyn*. They are written with an improvisatore air of facility, but are vague in the impression that they make. We are presented with an analysis of *Jocelyn*, designed by its author as an episode in a sort of Mahabharata *epopœia*. It is romantic, tender, but effeminate. De Lamartine has lately added another episode to this projected work. *La Chûte d'un Ange*—(the Fall of an Angel)—and promises a third, to be called *Les Pêcheurs*. This poet's best friends advise him not to proceed in a task beyond his powers. A style at once artificial and extempore is ill-suited to an epic, and the affectation of inaccurate language, and careless rhyme is unworthy of any poet. *La Chûte d'un Ange* is a bad—a very bad allegory, in which the incarnation of the soul is portrayed by an angel falling in love with an Antediluvian girl, and acquiring thereby the use of human language, and afterwards sharing with her all manner of hair-breadth 'scapes, and out-of-the-way perils. In the moment of his fall, an oracular cry resounds in the angel's soul, to the effect that as he had chosen to descend, his decay would proceed to the utter extinguishment of his splendour—and that in order to his restoration, he must redeem, drop by drop, his immortality, thus lost for woman. And at the end of the poem, a similar inward admonishment is again felt—

"To ope thy native heaven nought shall avail,
Till thou the hundred steps of being's scale
Hast climbed, and every step shall burn thy foot."

But further than by this mechanical repetition, the moral which ought clearly to have pervaded every sentiment and incident in it as the omnipresent spirit of the poem, is nowhere suggested. To borrow from a contemporary journal* a phrase or two—"the original idea has been absorbed by the symbol; the principle, the creed, the theological point of view, has disappeared under the drama—under the complicated, we might say, entangled narrative of facts." The critic from whom we have quoted, says truly, that he can trace neither Fall nor Angel—neither expiation nor progressive re-

* The British and Foreign Review, No. xvii.—p. 217.

habilitation—in the plot or its workings. Nothing remains, then, but a mere story of human loves and woes; and as such, the one before us is wild, extravagant, and carelessly told.

Will the learned editor of this review permit us to make rather a long extract from his admirable article on De Lamartine's *Chûte d'un Ange*? "When," says the critic, "the first *Meditations* appeared in 1830, they made a sensation in France such as few books can make. It was poetry of a perfectly new species, raising its voice at the very moment when a generation, sick of the cold and measured versification of the empire, was asserting that all poetry was dead, and that henceforward to prose—a lofty and poetic prose—appertained the expression of the thoughts of the epoch. This poetry looked to the future by the nature of the ideas, or more properly of the sentiments, and by its aim; whilst by a certain chastity of form, by respect for the language, and even by some few old classical reminiscences, although proclaiming the independence of Art as a right, it preserved a connecting link with national literary traditions. It satisfied all demands, and was entitled to find favour with all schools. The author's poetic talent was, moreover, truly and incontestably powerful. Never had France known such elegy. Never had hope breathed amidst ruins hymns so sweetly melancholy. But besides—we should say above—all this, high above the literary point of view, there was something more. There was in men's souls an anxiety for the reknitting of earth to heaven—a yearning after that something which may for moments be lulled to sleep, but never extinguished in the hearts of nations—the sense of the Infinite, of the Imperishable—the tendency to sound the abyss that conceals the solution of the mysteries of the soul—the innate desire to know, at least to surmise, something of the starting point and the goal of mundane existence; in a word, religious faith. So many ruins had accumulated during the twenty or thirty years that had just elapsed! So much human grandeur had been eclipsed! Well might they who had seen, first the Revolution, then Napoleon moulder away, think that all things were nothing, save in relation with the eternal idea, the hidden design, which God verifies through the world. The empire had just fallen, and men understood that a whole world concluded with the empire—that a new world was to arise from its gigantic ruins. During the empire, one-half of the soul had been smothered. Matter—in the service of an idea, indeed, for only at that price is matter active; but this was not taken into account—had eclipsed mind; force had stifled conscience; and conscience, with all its provisions, with all its rapid intuitions of the things of heaven, was, in its turn, vigorously reacting. Conscience asked for a return to a superior, immutable order of facts, which might explain the evanescent, and often apparently contradictory facts of the day—for the reinthronisation of moral unity, governing from on high the crisis of thought, the successive revolutions, the movement, so abrupt and irregular, on the surface of the human mind: it asked for a common religious faith, affording in its bosom a fixed point amidst the whirlwind of things; an assured asylum against the scepticism with whose genius it had been in-

oculated by an all-dissolving philosophy; against the despair that sometimes seized it at the sight of the instability of human foundations, and of the bitter deceptions every moment experienced from the external world. Lamartine stood forward as the interpreter of this imperious want. He associated the flights of his muse with all the protests that were fermenting unexpressed in men's hearts. He moaned the complaint of all, he murmured the hope of all. He became the harmonious echo of the anxieties, of the internal struggles of a whole generation. He painted himself in his verses, as suffering from the disease of his age, and labouring to cure both himself and it. In a word, he assumed the attitude of the religious poet. As such, he was evidently accepted, as was Victor Hugo simultaneously, as Chateaubriand had previously been; and here lay, in great part, the secret of his talent and of his fame."

This searching critic goes on to prove, that, notwithstanding all this De Lamartine was not a religious poet. If he had the malady of the age, he had not the remedy. He shews religionism, but no religion—a yearning to believe, but not belief.

The mission of the religious poet is to console, to strengthen, to guide. His God is the God of love.—Lamartine, like an African Santon, addresses fear. "The God whom he adores is the God of the East, before whose omnipotence he perceives but two possible parts for man—blasphemy or annihilation. Betwixt these two states the poet, as he himself tells us, long oscillated." We are not therefore surprised that his devotion leads to despondency, and his poetry to indifference. He looks on the poetic art as an amusement, not as an occupation. In this we detect the character of the Frenchman: in the uncertainty in which he hovers between hope and fear, we recognise the character of the age. Verily, the present age of the world exhibits it, and all things in it, as in the middle state of Hades. The fruition, whether of punishment or recompence, is yet future.

The name of VICTOR HUGO has been mentioned in connection with that of Lamartine, and we can afford to pass over many names to arrive at his. The novelist, the dramatist, and the poet, says Mr. Reynolds, are united in Victor Hugo. "His romantic genius was appalled by no literary undertaking; he shrunk from no labour, however difficult, however lofty, however diversified the subject. He wrote historical novels, and in *one* he ably competed with the great northern writer now no more; he wrote poetry, and his name is well worthy of forming the Lepidus of the triumvirate, of which Byron and Lamartine are the Augustus and the Antony; he wrote plays, and M. Dumas felt that he was a rival." There is something too indiscriminate in a panegyric like this: we regret that it must suffer abatement. Victor Hugo's dramas are decidedly bad—his novels guilty of a Spanish extravagance—and his poetry of worse than Byronic obscurity. Nevertheless, the man has been baptised by the genius of the time with the spirit and the fire that are not of the gross world—to him, therefore, be due honour! His *Notre Dame de Paris* is an unforgettable book, with its Esmeralda, and its Quasimodo—and its Claude Frollo. That tale of innocent vaga-

bondism—of pious lechery, and a great soul in a dwarfed body—has elements to attract and to repel, which, skilfully combined, suspend the reader's attention in a medium of love and loathing. *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, is, we are afraid, a vulgar horror. As to the *Hans d'Islande* and *Bug Jargal*, even Mr. Reynolds condemns them. "The hero of the former is a human monster—of the latter, a horrible negro."

Hugo, as we learn from the preface to his *Chants du Crepuscule* (Songs of Twilight), looks upon society in its present state as enveloped in a species of illuminated fog. He prepares his reader to expect ebullitions of hope mingled with doubt—couplets of tenderness concluded with others of complaint—a calmness touched with melancholy—sights of delight—feebleness suddenly reviving—resigned infelicity—profound sorrow exciting the very surface of the sea of poetry—serene contemplations of political tumults—holy wanderings from public to domestic matters—the dread lest all should proceed darkly in the world—and then intervals of joyous and burning hope, that the human species may yet flourish to excel! Thus he knows not whether, in his own *Orientales*, he has not been looking to the West instead of the East, contemplating the sun-set rather than the day-break. His Ode, written after July, 1830, is strong and solemn, yet wanting in concentration and philosophical insight. He argues upon the crisis of the Three Days as if it were an end in itself, and not a mean to a better future. It teaches, according to him, that

"—— the breath of a king is the spark to the pan—
The musket explodes—and its victim is man!"

and relative to the priesthood, that

"Less welcome to the Lord on high,
Is grandeur than sincerity."

Well! but what shall this lead to? In truth, the Ode was written too near the time (Aug. 10, 1830) to have much permanent value. It presents us with a literal transcript of the facts attending the Parisian catastrophe, but had no leisure for results. In a word, it looks to the past—the cycle just closed, with its closing—not much to the present—not to the future at all. An Ode which should present the present position and future possible destiny of European Republics would be a work indeed! Similar remarks apply to his *Odes to the Column of Napoleon*, and on *Napoleon II*. "In deploring the fall of Napoleon and his son," says Mr. Reynolds, "the cry of Victor Hugo is the voice of France. He has identified the effusions of his muse with the wail of his native land, and with tears and sighs he laments the fall of those who were dear to his country." This may be:—let, however, "the dead bury their dead!"

Victor Hugo has felt rightly that the mission of the modern poet is a religious one; and we had hoped that, in *Les Voix Intérieures*, the inward voices to that mission had been heard, calling not loudly but deeply. But no. The French poet is still a sceptic. He is an historian, but no prophet. What has been displeases—what is

arouses—what shall be perplexed. Egoistic vanity, at the best, leavens the quality of noble sentiments; and contracts eternal universalities into finite individualities.

It is a beautiful idea of Victor Hugo's, that the function of modern art is to rehabilitate man—and he has beautifully worked it out in his works, wherein he presents for the most part the fallen creature only to restore it to its proper standing, whether by love or wrath or self-devotion. But in the prosecution of this and other religious ideas—he analyses too much, and indeed falls greatly below those criteria which the true poet ought prophetically to rule. He soon becomes too the slave of the symbols that he employs, and idolises the image which his own hands have created. Nevertheless, even in this process he shews, how creative is the power of an idea. By this he is carried to the most remote analogies, and conducted to the last types—incarnating the law in the humblest as well as the highest instances. Thus while on the one hand he raises his heroes and heroines from the mire of degradation, social or moral—on the other, he reduces the purest principles to the grossest concretes—so that somewhere, in the descending and ascending line, the two may meet and blend. From the material, he seeks to raise the fallen spirit—and to that end brings down spirit to extreme material levels. Better to have stopped midway at some synthesis, which should have left the spirit spiritual still, while it purified the corporeal by blessed contact with the heavenly and divine.

Before we dismiss the present paper, we are desirous of saying a word or two on JULES JANIN; the cleverest writer in France. But then it is confessed, that “he is a Conservative, a Legitimist, and a Christian;” also, that, “he admires De Lamartine and pities Victor Hugo.” The articles of this quaint and sarcastic writer appear every Monday in the *Feuilleton* of the *Journal des Debats*. In some of these he ventures to express a better opinion of Fourier's disciples, than might have been expected from one who “lingers upon the ruins of the ancient dynasty.” The tale of *The Orphan*, quoted by Mr. Reynolds, is worth all the other extracts in his two volumes. The principal works of this equally witty and wise author, are *Le Chemin de Traverse*, *Les Contes Fantastiques et Littéraires*, *Les Contes Nouveaux*, *Timon Alceste*, *Barnave*, *La Confession*, *L'Âne Mort et la Femme Guillotinée*, *Un Cœur pour deux Amours*, *La Piedestal*, and *Paris, depuis La Revolution de 1830*.

Eminent as a critic, original as an author, his merits, unlike those of writers already mentioned, are admissible by the English as well as by the French mind—and his productions might have been read at any other period with the same satisfaction. For genius is not of climes and times, though some theorists seem to think so. But theorists always err—do and must. Then why theorise?

(To be continued.)

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

AN ODE.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq.

THEIR fathers in madness confessed themselves slaves,*
 And spurned at the turf on their ancestors' graves :
 They looked down in scorn on the ancient of earth,
 They gazed with disdain at the Ancient of heaven ;
 And Time was ashamed of all things that had birth,
 And Faith watched in awe the dread swell of " the leaven,"
 Whose stroke was to shake the whole world with a shock,
 As blinding and chill as the desert siroc :
 Let it smite to a wreck the old mass that it measured ;
 Let the Truth perish never, for which it was treasured !

Ye sons of the Gaul ! did ye deem, from the wreck,
 A world would be born without wrinkle or speck ?
 The perfect that lived in the thoughts of the mind,
 Why lived it not, too, in the acts of the hand ?
 Bad artists, who mar what is truly designed,
 How vainly for you is the Beautiful planned !
 The chains, ye ne'er wore, ye were proud to avow,
 Ye forged them yourselves—ye are wearing them now !
 What are chains to the men who are free in the spirit ?
 They care not for them, but the souls they inherit !

Rebellious in vain ! Ye are slaves broken loose !
 Not such were your sires, whose dread names ye accuse !
 The visions of truth and of good that ye dream,
 Your fathers possessed, and bequeathed them to you !
 They *were* in their hearts more than what ye would *seem*,
 And rejoiced in the strength that so fondly ye woo !
 Their armour imprisons your recreant limbs,
 Their glass that shone clearly your poison-breath dims—
 The bow that they bent than your sinews is stronger—
 The weapons they wielded have masters no longer !

* "It was reserved," says Niebuhr, in the first edition of his *Roman History*, "for our days to see the fruits of that madness, which led our fathers, with an unexampled kind of arrogance, to brand themselves falsely with being a degraded and slavish race, at the same time that they falsely asserted they were called to an unparalleled degree of perfection ; of that madness which bragged it would form a new earth, by demolishing the old one. Only once has the world beheld—and we have been the spectators—universal contempt invoked upon the whole of the past, and people proud of the title of slaves broken loose. Something similar, indeed, and attended with similar results, had been experienced in religious revolutions: the Protestant communities have cast away the saints and fathers of the Church—and they have not done so with impunity: it has been the same in the revolutions of science and literature."

O, they were adorned like the brave and the free,
 As warriors in arms, as the valiant, should be !
 — “ Now hence with the mail that oppresses the weak,
 Away with the sword that but burthens the hand !
 The furnace shall melt them, the hammer may break—
 Convert we to chains what would cumber the land !
 Their weight, that makes slaves of the people they doom,
 Shall best be declared if that shape they assume—
 We 'll wear them, to rend them—a sign and a token—
 And boast of the shackles that freemen have broken !”

A Tyrant looked on at the blasphemous mirth,
 And laughed in his heart, with a scorn not of earth.
 He gathered the fragments they scattered in sport,
 And linked them anew ; they are whole once again !
 Where the wassailers slept, there his watchers resort,
 And fast on the slumberer rivet his chain !
 He binds them in bands, and he trains them to war ;
 He carries them with him to battle afar—
 They follow his Eagle wherever it flieth—
 For him moans the widow—for him her son dieth !

Then Britain upstood—with her trident of power ;
 The beacons are lighted on temple and tower.
 The Spaniard replied to the voice of her spell—
 The Portuguese echoed the magical sound ;
 Was heard on the mountains the battle-shout swell ;
 Was heard in the valleys the fearful rebound ;
 Was heard on the ocean that dreadfulest roar,
 That stills the loud tempest-tones raging before ;
 The thunder is silenced, wind hushed, and the surges
 Are calm, while man's anger outpeals Demiurge's.

Let Prussia rejoice in the name of the Lord !
 The arm that would save thee must save with the sword !
 The pen must be mute—for its freedom abused,
 The worst of all license, sent Liberty mad !
 The king and the country by faction accused—
 The sufferings that made the rapt patriot sad—
 All these must in silence be veiled—for the weak,
 Of centuries long past, are too timid to speak—
 The good must suppress in the soul the strong throbbing,
 While violence rampant is slaying and robbing.*

* The *Prussian Correspondent*, in April, 1813, contains the following paragraph in an address which is said to have come from the pen of Niebuhr:—

“ We made a bad use of the freedom of the press: it was employed by miserable fools, by atrocious criminals, against their country. Therefore have we been constrained to live without it, until the abuse of it was rendered impossible by the sound state of popular feeling. It is an inexpressible blessing that we have lived to witness the day when the words of our king are the utterance of the best feeling of every citizen, from the highest to the lowest. This is true liberty, this is true equality, in the place of those idols of hell to which their names were given twenty years ago.

‘ We have lived through years, during which we were forced to sit mute. We

The angel of God has been strong in the north !
 His premature frost from his chambers came forth !
 His hurricane answered the waive of his hand,
 His fire to its breath like a whirlwind replied—
 His rain from on high made a flood of the land—*
 By Ulm or by Jena shall these be defied ?
 What magic is there in the Day of their Fame ? †
 Two days, and we think on a martyred Queen's name !
 Two days, we remember the year that has vanished,
 When wind wed the flame, and refused to be banished. ‡

O Victor ! thy heart is an oracle now !
 Or smitten with blindness, its victim art thou ?
 The morn brake in mist, darkling, rainy, and cold—
 Yet ardent both armies to slay and be slain :
 The night looks with awe on the brave and the bold,
 As rooted they stand where they stood on the plain.
 Nor yet had the terrors apparelled the sky,
 That circle thy holy-hill, oh ! thou Most High !
 The Angel of Death is yet waiting thy mandate,
 Unheard since the Russ spoiled the troops of the Bandit !

But now he descends, and the lightning grows weak
 In the eagle's keen eye—and its thunderous beak
 Is shorn of the clouds that hung over the same,
 And threatened the nations with fury and ire—
 That eye, in the glare of the terrible flame,
 Grows pale, and those shades are dispelled with the fire
 That flashes for ever and ever from out
 The sword in his hand, and his plumes round about :
 They look, and they flee from the path of his dooming ;
 And the Star falls from heaven, that the earth was consuming.

were compelled to stifle every word that our love for our king and our country would have called forth, when we beheld and mourned over their sufferings. We were forbidden to admire what was great and virtuous among the living: things had already reached such a pitch, that the timid were afraid to speak of centuries long past away. The good kept silent with regard to the wretchedness and the atrocities they saw around them: the timid submitted to debasing acts of homage. Daily and hourly had we to suppress our indignation and grief at what we saw and suffered: and the frivolous were already trying to find themselves comfortable in their chains: yet a little while, and we had become utterly corrupt."

* The *Prussian Correspondent* notices these occurrences as miraculous. "Who can see nothing," says the writer, "beyond a natural phenomenon, in that premature frost, by which the whole army was destroyed? in the hurricane of the 16th October, which made it impossible to extinguish the flames of Moscow? in the floods of rain at the end of last August?" [1813].

† Napoleon was supposed by the Leipsigers to prefer those days on which he founded his claims to glory, in order to distinguish them by new achievements. They, therefore, expected an engagement on the 14th October; that day being the battles of Ulm and of Jena.

‡ It was the 16th October that the Queen of France was guillotined—and it was on the 16th October, 1812, as we have seen in a previous note, that the hurricane aforesaid occurred.

With madness sure Heaven smote the Warrior's wild heart !
 In vain was his strength, and his wisdom and art—
 His plans are short-sighted—his motions are slow—
 The scourge that God sent he now means to recall ;
 Its work is accomplished—"So far shalt thou go,
 But no further !"—he saith, and redeemeth the thrall.
 Ye nations! rejoice, for salvation is come—
 The Comforter sits at the hearth of each home !
 The powers of nature, his cherubim, own him !
 The hearts of the people, his seraphim, throne him !

Not yet is the advent, O man !—still the theme
 Of omen and oracle, vision and dream !*
 The banished shall break from the isle of his shame,
 The captain shall come with the hosts of a king—
 Again shall the world stand in awe of his name,
 Again shall the eagle exult in his wing.
 The nations are banded together again—
 The Britons are there with the hero of Spain—
 The field where they fought is now covered with glory,
 And Waterloo's name is transcendant in story.

Not yet is the advent complete, which shall be
 In the clouds of his Providence hidden from thee—
 Not yet, sorrowing man ! doth Messiah appear ;
 Of his coming-again, hope but dreameth as yet :
 Yet the dawn of a day hath revealed itself here,
 Whose brightness and blessedness never shall set.

* It is thus, that Niebuhr speaks of these events, while reviewing one of the Thanksgiving Sermons preached on the occasion. "Have not events, which according to all former experience must have filled us with dismay, been the undeniable means of our success? Has not Napoleon in a number of cases been evidently stricken with blindness? Has it not been visible, that the iron strength of his character, the lightning rapidity of his perception and decision, which were the foundations of his power, and the greatness of which no lover of truth can refuse to acknowledge, have departed from him? Has all this been mere chance? Or has it been the work of the Lord? Who was moved to compassion for his people that cried to him, who repented him of what he had done, and who said: I will no more destroy Israel, but save him out of the hand of the oppressor.

"And was the spirit which animated our people, and that chosen part of it, the army, excited or to be accounted for by human motives? Does strength, according to human experience, grow with exhaustion, the contempt for property with the loss of it? What is it that has converted these peasants, who a year since were calmly stooping under mal-treatment, into heroes, such as have never appeared in our military history? Who is it that has endowed our army, the great and the little, with virtues of which the whole of Germany before scarcely contained a few solitary instances? with patience, with disinterestedness, with humility, with self-denial, with mildness, with orderliness?

"In all these ways has God made himself manifest amongst us. It is a new revelation, and woe to them who do not believe! Already in a period, when such a number of institutions formerly beneficial had perished root and branch, many an oppress heart had been striving in secret after a new revelation, attested by wonders and signs, after the appearance of the promised Comforter, the spirit of God. We have witnessed it, and again woe to us if we do not acknowledge it."

The clouds have not yet all dispersed from the sky;
 But the sun like a conqueror travels on high:
 The strife that awaits him, though not without anguish,
 Must yield to the virtue that never can languish.

O Britain! my country! the land of the faith!
 The rock of the Church that prevails against death!
 The phial of horror on thee was not poured,
 Fair isle of the west! that on other lands fell—
 What though Germany drank of the wrath that it stored,
 And Switzerland's mountains confessed to the spell;
 Though Peninsular vallies and Austrian fields,
 Russia's sands, Poland's forests, availed not as shields,
 Nor Russia's wide plains might with blood rest unsodden;
 Thy shores were still sacred, thy thresholds untrodden.

No mother was seen through thy borders to come,
 With her bed in a basket, exiled from her home,
 Her children in nakedness leading along,
 While bearing twin infants on shoulder and breast;
 No father in agony sought through the throng
 For her he had wedded, and them he had blessed—
 No daughters in vain for their parents enquired,
 No sick among war-steeds in terror expired;
 The groans of the wounded, the cries of the plundered,
 In thee were heard not—nor the cannon that thundered.

We saw not the warrior lie dead in the street,
 The horse's slain carcase ne'er stumbled our feet;
 We saw not the cripple, nigh spent with his pain,
 Exert his last effort to reach far abode,
 Where, when he arrived, he was baffled again;
 We saw not the sufferers couched on the road,
 And moaning unsheltered upon the damp ground,
 Admittance denied at the' asylum they found,
 The gates closed upon them, the refuse of slaughter,
 Untended, unpitied, and pining for water.

We saw not the beggar at window and door,
 Whence succour might come not, where war had made poor—
 We saw not the cannibal hunger, enraged,
 Regale on the carrion abhorred of the eye,
 Which, but in his need, had the raven assuaged,
 The vulture had scorned, and the wolf had passed by.
 We saw not the vampyre look out in the glare
 Of destitute thirst, and the gaze of despair—
 Our graves were unrifled, our tombs were unwasted,
 Our hearths unpolluted, our larders untasted.

Who saith that to mammon be given the laud?
 On him shall come down the sure vengeance of God.

A curse shall descend on his house and his name,
 His heart shall be desolate, barren and dead,
 His children be out-cast, his wife sunk to shame,
 And baldness disgrace the old age of his head !
 In God we rejoice, and to him be the praise,
 Who gave to us riches and honour, and days ;
 To God be the glory, O land of the living !
 To him who fought for us eternal thanksgiving !

DUELLING AND CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE.

THE recent correspondence between the Clergy of Ripon and Lord Londonderry, has attracted a very uncommon share of public attention ; but we are concerned to find that the question is left in fully as unsatisfactory state as before, that is to say as a religious question. The spirit of the present age is doubtless against the practice of duelling. Be it our endeavour to put it in a right direction.

We are not disposed to complain of the Clergy of Ripon for remonstrating with one with whom they are not immediately connected. We consider a clergyman is entitled to esteem himself a general missionary, independent of any local charge he may be appointed to ; we therefore do not think there is any force in the imputation of " going out of their way, as if they fancied they had a roving commission to denounce any, whether locally connected with them or not." We, however, think that, in this instance, they have declared only part of " the council of God." On the other hand, we are inclined to think, that however shocking to the pious mind much of the noble Marquis's answer undoubtedly is, yet that sufficient allowance has not been made for the difficult position his Lordship is in.

As a question of religion, it is useless at this time of day to argue the sinfulness of duelling ; and as a philosophical question, the utter absurdity of duelling is manifest to all reflecting minds.* From the difference of hand, eye, and size in different persons, perhaps there never was an instance of the parties meeting upon equal terms, while it is possible that the injured party may, so far from obtaining satisfaction, only get additional injury. Yet it must be confessed, that there is practically this result from the custom of duelling, that it keeps within the limits of decent behaviour many bullying cowards, who, without some strong restraint, would be continually encroaching beyond the limits prescribed by the courtesy and refinement of society. This, we believe, most *clergymen* have found by experience at some time or other of their lives, when they have been obliged

* When we consider the injury done to the State, and to private individuals, by the practice of duelling,—to the State, by the danger it exposes it to of losing some of its best blood ; and to individuals, of losing those upon the continuance of whose lives all their prospects in this world depend ; when we consider these things, it is hard to come to the conclusion that no sufficient substitute can be found. Surely there are other disputes as easy to be decided by arbitration as those on horse races, the decision of the Jockey Club on which has prevented so many duels and law suits.

to patiently put up with language they would have never heard, had they worn blue coats instead of black. Still the end must not be held to sanctify the means; neither should the difficulty of supplying a perfect remedy deter us from the attempt.

There are two remarkable instances in our times of public men of no small importance, announcing a determination on religious grounds, of never fighting a duel, viz., the late respected Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. O'Connell. We only mention their names from their public eminence; and in examining the subject, we disclaim the least insinuation against the motives of the latter, though we think, should these pages meet his eye, he will see, what is not wonderful considering the various subjects with which his mind must be constantly occupied, that he has indulged a partial and merely superficial view of the matter, and not that enlightened one advocated by Mr. Wilberforce. The truth is, that Mr. O'Connell is right as far as he goes; for, with all the disputes upon the meaning of certain passages in the Bible, there can be no doubt that taking the life of a fellow-creature in cold blood, is a most grievous offence against the express commands of God; but what we contend for (and so we understood the ground Mr. Wilberforce assumed to be) is, that it is fallacious to adopt one command in the Bible alone, instead of accepting the whole moral system we find in the Scriptures as the model of our conduct. "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil."* Again, "Bless them that hate you, . . . for if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?"† Again, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."‡ After reading the third and fourth chapters in the first epistle of St. John, let the reader calmly consider how our blessed Saviour illustrated his own doctrine by his life, as described in the second chapter of the First Epistle of St. Peter. It is true that this frame of mind can only be attained by those who have learned what is really meant by the baptismal vow of renouncing the world; but it will, nevertheless, not be questioned that we have justly stated the principle of the real Christian. Yet we think it was not judicious in the Ripon Clergy to select as their first example a military man, for a military or naval officer may be said to be practically as much bound to fight a duel under certain circumstances, as to fight against the enemies of the State; he enters his profession under such a tacit agreement. Perhaps no duellists engage in such unholy acts with more sincere regret; but they feel that, unless they can make up their minds to retire altogether from the world, they have no alternative. In the case before us, we must say, with great deference to the Ripon clergy, for whom personally we have the highest respect, that their first remonstrance should have been addressed to the opponent of the noble Marquis, for he was the real aggressor in casting imputations upon a whole party, without naming *any exception whatever*, which was tantamount to casting the same imputa-

* St. Matt. v. 39. † ib. verses 44, 46. ‡ ib. ver. 48. See also St Luke vi. 27, to the end.

tions upon each separate individual. It was, therefore, with some surprise that we saw from whom the challenge proceeded; and we think that, even according to the custom of the world, the Marquis might have answered him very differently, by saying—"When you retract, and apologise for the personal attack you made upon me, who am one of a party you attacked in the lump, without adding that you did not mean to include me, I shall be ready to satisfy you with regard to any observations of mine in reply, to which you take exception." Contrast this intemperance in attack, and oversensitiveness afterwards, with the Christian temper we have endeavoured to describe, and we shall easily arrive at one of the remedies against duelling (there are but two we can think of), viz., for each individual who resolves that nothing shall induce him to incur the guilt of duelling, also firmly to resolve that no provocation shall induce him to use language calculated to hurt the feelings of others. This, indeed, is a "cross" difficult to take up in following his Divine Master, whose meekness exposed him to many indignities; but, in following the rule of conduct he has so clearly laid down for us, his disciple has the consolation of knowing, that the more converts his example produces, the less will he be exposed to inconvenience from the resolution he has formed. On the other hand, it can never be too strongly impressed upon the minds of all men, that to stop at a reluctance to engage in duelling, without also adopting that inoffensive Christian temper which should accompany it, is not only sinful, but highly pernicious; that it is a remedy worse than the disease; that it is calculated, in some cases, to lead to the worst of murders, assassination; and in others, whether the motive of the person declining to be accountable is cowardly or not, that it is calculated to give a man an improper advantage over his fellows. We may here allude to analogous pugilistic fights, of which much of the preceding may be remarked, and particularly that the combatants, even in prize-fights, are seldom, if ever, strictly on equal terms; but what we are most concerned to draw public attention to, is the fact, that boxing appears to have been discouraged of late years without much public advantage: and it is to be feared, that it may be traced a cowardly spirit of assassination upon the slightest provocation, arising, as we think, very much from the absence of concurrent endeavours to improve the Christian temper of those, whose ancient mode of settling quarrels was interfered with.

To return to our main subject, the other remedy we would recommend is founded upon a suggestion of Paley. There is certainly much difficulty in it in a practical point of view, as Paley seems to have felt; but still we think it possible to overcome most of the more serious objections. We think it might be brought to bear in this way. The Court of Honour to be composed of a few military, naval, legal, and country gentlemen, with one or two peers, the whole to be selected in as impartial a manner with regard to politics as possible; for all families of respectability to pledge themselves not to associate with any individual *while under the interdict*

of the Court of Honour; that upon a misunderstanding between two gentlemen, at the point at which a meeting is usually resolved upon, the case to be, instead, transmitted to the Court of Honour, that court to decide upon the dispute by adjudging, according to the merits of the case, such and such an apology, or a reprimand, or expulsion from the society of gentlemen for a limited time (after which it should be reckoned an offence, to be punished by the court, to taunt the punished individual with any allusion to it),—or expulsion from society for ever; that the court shall not be called upon in cases where one of the parties shall prefer instituting legal proceedings; and that—and here is the principal difficulty—the court shall have the power, *if it think fit*, upon the application of either party, to prevent the whole, or part, of the cause of difference transpiring. With regard to the last point, our readers may conceive many cases where a man cannot, without disgrace, or injury to a third party, publicly avow the cause of his resentment. We will put one case only, and many others will occur to the reader from it. A brother of a young lady thinks a certain gentleman bound in honour to marry his sister: the other takes, or affects to take, a different view of the matter. But the sister has an unconquerable reluctance to consent to having her name dragged before the public: nay, there may be such peculiarities in the case that it would be cruel to wish to make it public. There have been many duels under such delicate circumstances, conducted without the public ever learning the particulars; and therefore we would give the court the same power of secrecy.* A Court of Honour thus carried out would, we conceive, in a great measure, supersede the grievance thus stated by Paley:† “The insufficiency of the redress which the law of the land affords, for those injuries which chiefly affect a man in his sensibility and reputation, tempts many to redress themselves. Prosecutions for such offences, by the trifling damages that are recovered, serve only to make the sufferer more ridiculous. This ought to be remedied.”

Thus we have endeavoured to place this painful subject before our readers in its proper point of view; and we trust we have done so without giving the slightest offence to a single human being, than which nothing could be further from our intention. Whatever may be the public judgement upon our efforts, it is clear that some understanding must ere long be come to; for, without the obligation to accept a challenge being diminished, or the consequences of refusing being relaxed by fashion, judges and juries have lately so plainly intimated that a trial for killing a man in a duel shall no

* The mode of appointment of the court requires careful consideration: on the whole, we are inclined to think that appointment by the crown would be the least objectionable mode. To prevent frivolous cases being brought forward, and applications from improper persons, there are two plans, which may be adopted. One is to restrict the court to those who are receivable at court: the other, which may indeed be combined with the former, is to impose a scale of fees to be paid by one or both parties, according to the discretion of the court; which fees may go to the crown, in return for whatever expense the court might be to the country.

† Paley's Moral Philosophy, Book iii., part 2, chap. 9.

longer be a mere form, that gentlemen are placed in a very unfair position, particularly seconds, who, as all who have lived in the world know, are generally, from ancient friendship, or family connections, or both, *almost* unable to refuse that greatest favour, to officiate in the matter.

But as the great thing is to bring more into fashion that temper we have recommended as our first remedy, we will conclude with the following extract from Paley's Chapter on Anger:—"But the reflection calculated above all others to allay the haughtiness of temper which is ever finding out provocations, and which renders anger so impetuous, is that which the Gospel proposes; namely, that we ourselves are, or shortly shall be, suppliants for mercy and pardon at the judgement-seat of God. Imagine our secret sins disclosed and brought to light; imagine us thus humbled and exposed; trembling under the hand of God; casting ourselves on his compassion; crying out for mercy; imagine such a creature to talk of satisfaction and revenge; refusing to be entreated, disdaining to forgive; extreme to mark and to resent what is done amiss;—imagine, I say, this, and you can hardly frame to yourself an instance of more impious and unnatural arrogance."

THE SUPERNATURALIST.

CHAPTER II.

IN the course of my experience as a Supernaturalist, I have often, as before stated, come into correspondence with very striking and original characters. To me, however, they appeared intelligible enough, and I knew how to appreciate them. Many of them were religious devotees, of high psychological refinement, pious and talented individuals, who by perpetually cherishing spiritual and angelic intercourses, possessed, either in imagination or reality, a constant familiarity with the more than mortal. By the over-credulous, they were mistakenly supposed to exercise powers of magic and divination far beyond their real claims, while to the world in general they probably appeared no better than visionary enthusiasts and impostors. In fact, they went about wrapped up in a mantle of incomprehensibility that perpetually excited, and perpetually baffled inquisitiveness.

To illustrate the curious speculations and experiences of minds of this order, I shall insert some passages from the note-book of a Catholic French lady, which has lately come into my hands. She has resided many years in the convents of France and England, and has seen and heard strange things. Her own conviction of the truth of the following anecdotes is most strong and vivid. She describes all manner of supernaturals as precisely, graphically, and familiarly as you would describe the characters at a masquerade. The whole style of her conversation and conduct vouches for the sin-

* Moral Philosophy, Book iii., part 2nd, chap. 7.

cerity of her belief in the events she delineates; and her veracity remains unimpeached. How far she may be herself deceived by the phantasmas of over-wrought imagination, is another question, which every reader must decide for himself,

The evidence of supernaturalism becomes more impressive and more tantalising when it thus proceeds from plain, grave, sensible people. When we find our friends strictly conscientious and correct in their reports of all that we know, we are bound to give them credit concerning other affairs which we know not; especially since, as Cicero observes, "the greatest part of what we know, is always the least of what we ignore." Here lies the very nucleus of the difficulty, which sceptics in such matters labour under—a difficulty which compelled Dr. Johnson to profess himself a Supernaturalist. Our religionists know not how to get rid of that testimony to supernaturalism positively enunciated with a grave face by downright matter-of-fact witnesses. It would be quite another case if all who gave affirmation in favour of these miraculous things were dreamy idealists, or nonsensical prattlers,

If I were to employ Jung Stilling's singular phraseology, I should say that this lady's faculty of presentiment is unusually developed. When a person has a remarkably fine perception of spiritual influences and relations by nature, and cultivates it by every super-added means that can promote its intensity, the energumen attains a strong mastery over occult science. By exercising latent mental faculties, which most men allow to slumber, the theosophist becomes a sort of intellectual conjurer. He can exhibit metaphysical phenomena quite as marvellous and apparently unaccountable as the physical tricks of jugglers, which they produce by an answerable process. Who knows not that jugglers mainly perform their sleights by incessantly energising, actuating, informing, and exerting the specific nerves and muscles, of which ordinary people make no account or use?

I therefore quote these passages of the lady's note-book in order to display the idiosyncrasies of the human mind under extraordinary circumstances. For this reason they will furnish the sage with instruction, as well as the humorist with merriment.

It would seem that many of the incidents which our authoress took for supernatural, happened directly or indirectly through the intervention of monastic priests. Some of these gentlemen are doubtless very orthodox characters, but there are many others who have indulged in varieties of magic which, methinks, the Romish church should scarcely tolerate. There are still many Gasners as well as Hohenlohes on the continent, who carry forward Mesmerism in a manner far more surprising than pleasing. Some of these deserve to have the missal service *De Exorcismis* applied to themselves, and afterwards should do penance in a white sheet *secundum artem*. Others, who are merely knaves and rascals, should be indulged with the more secular administration of the horsewhip. Such is the *beschwörung und austreibung des teufels* which we especially recommend them. Meantime, most inquisitive reader, be pleased to lay the finger of silence on the lip of astonishment. Some of the

following anecdotes smack pretty strongly of the ridiculous; but, *risum teneatis, amici*, don't laugh if you can keep your countenance.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Here follow the lady's MSS., *verbatim et literatim*.

"I scarcely know how to explain the angelical manner of speaking. From a child I was accustomed to converse with, consult, and receive consolation and instruction from something supernatural. Sometimes it was as a mere thought, but expressed in a manner that there was no resisting without feeling that I was doing wrong, and something always occurred to punish my non-compliance with the admonition. Sometimes it seemed like words addressed immediately to the heart, in a very feeling, sensible manner.

"I have, in my own mind, sometimes compared the manner of speaking to the thrilling vibrations that we hear when touching lightly the strings of a lute or harp; or, perhaps, it is more like the sound of a repeater, when you place your finger on the spring.

"At different periods of my life the sweet communication of my angel has been more remarkable than at others, particularly when in trouble. I once heard my name distinctly pronounced when giving way to violent grief; I immediately stopped my tears, and being surprised that no one appeared, I left the room, and went to the person whom I supposed had called, but found no one had been near the room, or even guessed my affliction; I did not doubt it was my good angel that had thus consoled me.

"It has always been my custom to address myself in an especial manner to my good angel, not only by begging his assistance morning and night, but in all difficulties and doubts, and I never found myself deceived in my hopes of assistance. I once wished much to speak to some one, when there was no probability of my seeing them, as I was not likely at all to see them that evening, or rather it was a most unlikely thing. I put on my things to go out to a friend, my good angel forbade me to go; I paid no attention, but rather treated it as the effect of my imagination, arising from my desire. However, more plainly he told me she was coming, and I put by my things, and prepared to receive her, and in a minute she knocked at the door; I told her I expected her. 'How can that be?' said she, 'when I did not think of coming till I was passing your door.' 'I do not know of what you thought,' I replied, 'but here you are; and that I expected you, you may believe, as I should not have been here but from the assurance that you were coming.' She acknowledged that she had not expected to find me at home. On several other occasions I was informed where to find those persons I wished to see; but only when it would be of real use to me.

It has appeared to me at times, that besides the communication of thoughts through the medium of angels, there is decidedly, a manner of conversing by thought alone, and which I have frequently experienced, although in this country I never yet found any one susceptible of it. But in France, I very often made use of it, and thoughts were reciprocally communicated to me. If a doubt was

entertained by either party whether they were understood, one of the two always gave a visible intimation.

"Even by simply looking at a letter which another was writing, and wishing the person to whom it was addressed would know what I wished them to be informed of concerning me, has brought an answer. But even in this country, I have known when persons have wished to see me, although at a distance.

"During the time that I was annoyed by noises and knocking at my door, &c. I was mysteriously informed, that a person that I loved, who resided at the time in England, was annoyed in a similar manner; this I found was actually true.

"One evening being in conversation with an elderly lady of great and enlightened piety, with whom I usually passed much of my time, I happened to say something, which to her appeared harmless, but which I felt was wrong before I uttered it: immediately a sigh proceeded from one of those attendant spirits, which constantly wait on those who wish their presence, though all are not actually sensible of it; it was loud, and caused my friend to start; 'Did you hear any thing?' she said, 'Yes;' I replied, 'I did;' 'What did you hear?' 'A sigh;' she answered, 'And I also.—But no one is in the room but ourselves.' 'Not that you knew of,' I replied, 'but I was aware that I was accompanied, you know I have often told you so, and it was what I said, that caused my heavenly friend to sigh.' 'Why, you said nothing wrong'—'Pardon me,' I answered, 'what I said was wrong, and I am sorry for a fault I might have prevented by obeying the dictates of my conscience: but my fault has produced two effects; the one to convince you of the truth of my assertions, that I actually hold communication with beings of another world; the other that many words we utter, apparently harmless, are displeasing to the Almighty.'

"After the death of my mother, I could not endure living in those places where I had been accustomed to her society, and I resolved to retire to the country. It was singular that a dream foretold exactly a fortnight before all the circumstances attending my going thither, and expressly showed me that I should go to the place, formerly the residence of my mother, and that I should there meet her spirit. I then had no idea of that being the place to which I should go, but so it happened. At leaving I felt extremely depressed, but had, at the same time, a certain inward assurance, that my residence there would end in some fortunate event; I told this to several of my friends, saying, "I go sorrowfully, but I shall return in joy, though I know not how." On my way, oppressed with melancholy, I remained absorbed in thought, seated back in one corner of the conveyance, wholly unconscious of every thing, till I was roused, about half way of my journey, by a voice supplicating for relief (the coach was stopping at an inn to change horses), and the cruel insulting tones of my fellow-travellers against a woman who was begging, made me for the first time look up: I instantly drew out my purse, and presented the poor woman with sixpence. Surprise and shame seemed to succeed to insolent

refusal. I again threw myself back, but was soon roused by hearing the woman exclaim, "There she is in that coach: bless her, bless her!" and again bending forward, I saw her with her husband, a poor sailor with a wooden leg, holding one little child in his arms and leading two others. Their blessings, which were prolonged till they were out of hearing, gave me a delightful assurance of future happiness, yet could not efface the melancholy I then felt.

"I arrived late in the evening, and, being tired, soon fell asleep: I was awakened by the curtains of my bed being undrawn,—thinking it the servant come to call me, I sat up in bed and began, although it was dark to feel for my clothes, but the curtain was drawn immediately. I felt, or at least I thought, it was my mother, and having exclaimed, "O is it you mother?" I again fell asleep. Being questioned whether I had heard or seen any thing, I mentioned what had happened. I was immediately removed from that room, and not permitted again to sleep in it, although I much wished it.

"I remained there some time, and found there was a general belief that the house (a very ancient one) was haunted. I always remained in the parlour after the family were retired to rest (which was very early), to practise; but the servant one day made the remark, that she believed I would sit in the parlour till twelve at night, adding she wondered how I could be so courageous, as for her part, although poor, she would not for a hundred pounds be in the parlour at midnight. I then determined to wait till that hour, but was positively told, that unless I promised to leave the room before that time, I should never be allowed to practise again at night. Entreaties were vain; and a quarter of an hour before twelve, I accordingly left the room every night: but one night being prepared to enter my bed, I heard the door of my bed-room open and footsteps walk distinctly along, and enter the room facing my dressing-room, in which I was. As I did not like the person to whom that room belonged, I remained a very long time waiting for her to go; but at last I impatiently went into my bed-room, and finding my bed-fellow awake, I enquired whether the person who had gone into the other room had quitted it; she informed me, that she had heard the door open and the footsteps, but that no one could be seen.

"I know not whether a singular dream I had some time afterwards, related to some murder that had been perpetrated, and which caused the noises; but thus it was. I dreamed that I was descending the stairs, when, to my great surprise, I saw a very tall woman, in a brown camlet cloak, standing at the bottom: being alarmed, I asked what she wanted, when she turned round, and I saw a skeleton which sunk down into the ground. I left soon after.

"I was at another time in a very large mansion for a few months, and one evening as I was alone at the piano, among other songs, &c., I took up the well known epitaph, "Forgive, blest shade." A voice distinctly sung with me. Thinking it some one in the house standing outside the door, I did not pay any attention to it, but as it was a great favourite, I again sang it after having sung other things, during which no voice was heard. No sooner had I begun

that, than the voice again accompanied me ; and I felt convinced it was not mortal, for the sound seemed at the roof of the room. I again played and sang other airs to which there was no answer. Again I took up the epitaph, when the voice distinctly uttered every word close to my ear, it was always extremely melodious. I finished before I became conscious of fear : but no sooner had I ended than I was seized with so great a terror, that I placed my chair close to the wall, and remained fixed immoveably till the entrance of the eldest daughter, who was exactly my own age. On seeing me, she exclaimed, " You have seen or heard something ! Is this the first time ? " I asked her if such things were usual ? She told me, " Yes," but begged me not to speak of it to any one.

" I was afterwards extremely terrified in the same house,—going to my room, ere I entered I turned my head, and saw, standing in a dark part of the corridor, the figure of a man, with eyes like fire, his hand upon the lock of a door—the lower part was enveloped in smoke, I darted back, made one jump over four stairs, and entered the sitting-room, where I related my adventure to the above-mentioned young lady, and quitted the house soon after.

" There was, in one of the schools, a young lady, who was the only daughter, and the last of seven children. The parents were in affluent circumstances, and doated upon this young lady as their only girl. According to the agreement, the father being protestant, and the mother catholic, she was educated in the catholic religion. The boys were all protestant : her greatest desire and most anxious wish were, that her youngest brother might become catholic. She loved him with devotion : he died, and died a protestant. Such was her grief, that in one fortnight she was also consigned to her grave ; as I had known her, though slightly, for she was not one of my intimate friends, I offered up my prayers for the reception of her soul to glory. Deeply affected at the premature death of one, who, although not remarkable for the beauty of her features, was elegant in form, and of gentle manners, the first night after hearing of her death, I had scarcely laid down to rest, when I felt my pillow pulled, with the same sensation as when a hand is laid on the substance, and you feel very sensibly the placing of it. As it was perfectly light, I looked round, expecting to see something, but was disappointed. I then asked who was there, and upon what account. She told me her name, and demanded three masses. I had thought that her zeal for the salvation of her brother's soul would have ensured her immediate entrance to heaven, and that prayers, although customary, were superfluous ; but she told me, that her want of submission to the Divine Will, detained her in purgatory—of course I procured the masses.

" Previous to that, I had received a letter to inform me of the death of a Nun with whom I was acquainted, and who had suffered much from imprisonment, &c., during the revolution ; her life and conversation were always edifying, and I thought prayers very

needless for such a saint as I regarded her; nevertheless, I certainly did pray for her, and ask others to pray also.

"Being in the church, I felt something evidently from the other world before me,—and in a fright I begged it not to come to frighten me (I was not then as much accustomed to spirits as since): it left me. Fearful that I had offended the Almighty, by whose permission it had happened, I entreated forgiveness, and that if it were His will, the person might again come. I passed a very troubled night from the fear of having resisted the will of God. The next day (Sunday), I always passed many hours in the church; and about three o'clock I again, to my great joy, found the spirit close to me, whom I now addressed: and begged to know, who it was. She told me her name, which was that of the nun: I repeated it in surprise, exclaiming, 'And what could have placed you in purgatory?' 'Breach of my rule,' she answered; 'have one mass said for the repose of my soul.' I repeated these words—'breach of my rule' many times; and as I could not comprehend the meaning of the words, I almost thought I must be under a delusion. However, to make myself sure, I waited till the next day, when I enquired of a nun, what was 'breach of the rule.' 'That,' she said, 'may be done in many ways: but who has been talking to you about breach of the rule?' I told her what had passed; and she lent me the letters of Père Surin to read in consequence, in which is an account of a deceased nun, who was detained in purgatory for 'breach of the rule,' and who appeared three several times to one of her sisters. After the death of one of the nuns, who had been remarkable for her assiduity at the office, a voice was heard to repeat it with the rest. Determined to discover if possible, the cause, yet without offending the nuns, who did not doubt it was their deceased sister, the superior spoke to me. I accompanied her alone to the choir, where after much seeking, we found that, by placing the foot on one particular board, there was an echo; after the cause was ascertained, she called the nuns and convinced them, that there had been nothing miraculous in the event,—which discovery did not seem to please them much."

"Few, I believe, have heard of the adventure of Martin, as the publication was so immediately stopped, and the copies that had been issued so soon called in, that even the revocation of it seemed forgotten. As I was requested to copy the most particular part, which I did, not knowing that it was prohibited, I will here give the relation as far as I can recollect.

"Martin was a countryman, but of what village I have forgotten; soon after the restoration of Louis le Desiré as this poor man was working in the fields, a figure presented itself before him and told him he must go to the King, for whom the Almighty had a message. Martin, who did not consider himself a proper messenger, refused a long time to go, but so importunate was the apparition, that the poor man, at length, set out for Paris, which was at a considerable distance from his own home, though he did

not know what was the message he was to give, as he was only to be informed of it when he arrived.

"As his extraordinary adventure was known, and every one was anxious to know the result, he was conducted to Charenton, to undergo a consultation of physicians, that being the place for persons labouring under aberration of mind. Martin told them where he was, and wherefore; but assured them that they could not detain him, and that he should see the king.

"They informed him that his pretended spirit was taken, and in confinement. 'That I am sure he is not,' replied Martin, 'for he is now standing by the window, and telling me that I shall soon be released.'

"No symptoms of insanity appearing, it was judged proper to set him at liberty, and let him go whither he was called. He accordingly arrived at Paris, presented himself at the palace, and demanded an audience of the king. He was roughly refused, and during the altercation (for Martin persisted that he must see him), the king came down stairs and enquired the cause of the bustle and noise. Being told that a poor countryman was insisting on seeing his majesty, the king desired him to be immediately conducted to him.

"They were closeted for a considerable time, and as they left the room together, the king was heard to say, 'God's will be done.' 'Not in your majesty's time,' replied Martin.

"Martin returned home and resumed his manual labours. Crowds went to see him; but none could draw from him the secret of his commission, which, however, from the words of the king, seemed to have announced misfortunes to the royal family. Large sums of money were offered him, and he might have lived in opulence; but he refused every thing, saying, 'he was not going to receive money because it had pleased the Almighty to call for his services.'"

"One night on waking, I perceived a figure sitting by my bedside, which bent over me. Supposing it to be some one who was ill, and had come to me for assistance, I asked what she wanted. 'I am dead,' replied the figure; 'do you not know me?' 'No,' I said. 'Feel my arm,' she replied, and I accordingly felt her arm, which was extremely thin, long, and bony; the examination, however, did not lead me to a discovery of my mysterious visitor.

"I, at that time, suffered much from a pain in my right side, and consequently could not lie on it, and, if I accidentally turned on that side, I invariably had the nightmare in a dreadful manner, and the pain was renewed for some time.

"To my great surprise, the spirit, leaning over the bed, began to press her bony fingers into my side in such a manner, as to cause excruciating pain, and left me as the clock struck two, entirely relieved, and I slept comfortably on the right side, in which I have never since felt any pain. Many may be induced to ridicule the idea of a ghost having bones; but I do not pretend to account for this, I simply relate what happened.

"In the morning I related my nocturnal adventure to the astonished inmates of the house, at whose request I repeated the story several times, and we all felt anxious to know who it was. Of this we were all soon convinced ; for at the service of mass a person of piety, whom poverty had obliged to keep a little school, and who had received kindness from us, was announced as having departed this life at two o'clock ; and the thin miserable figure we felt could have been only her's."

"I was requested one day to leave my occupation, which was stalking cherries, to attend some company in the parlour. My hands being stained, I left the room in which I was sitting, and proceeded towards a small closet, when I perceived a young lady, then staying with us, walking towards it ; I followed, and saw her apparently washing her hands. As I approached she went behind the door, where a towel was always hung, and I remarked the beauty of the cloth of a new dress. I inwardly blamed her extravagance, knowing her circumstances were very limited ; but as I had been informed she was in a very ill humour, I forebore speaking to her. But what was my surprise on turning round, to find that there was no person there, and that I had actually been following a shadow, which proved to be a friend of mine who died at that time, and who always wore a dress similar to that of the young lady for whom I had taken her."

"At an early age, I was placed in circumstances of peculiar suffering ; and one evening sitting alone, and reflecting on the cruelty of my lot, and wondering if heaven would ever hear my prayers for relief, suddenly, as the darkness of evening came on, and the servant had forgotten to bring a candle, I began gradually to reflect on the goodness of God, and all the particular marks of his love that I had experienced, which was succeeded by the view of my own want of gratitude, and an extreme sorrow, with a great desire to serve Him better in future. I ceased to lament my sufferings, and even throwing myself on my knees, offered to continue in that state, if I could please God thereby. Scarcely had I made the prayer and resealed myself, when a figure of excessive brightness passed before me so swiftly, that I had not time to observe the features, but it filled me with joy ; and two nights after, having had fresh cause of trouble, I had no sooner laid down in my bed, than something heavenly bent over me, and uttered a sigh, so soft, so sweet, and so full of pity and love, that I felt a sensation I never could define, and from that time, while in the house, never lost my peace of mind, and my persecutors seemed to remark something extraordinary in me by their looks and whispers, nor did they dare molest me any more."

"The superior of a convent, in which I was, being very unwell, I recommended her to retire early to her bed, and went down stairs to procure a tinder box, it being dusk. As I was perfectly acquainted with every part of the Convent, I did not hesitate to go

alone, and without a light; yet, when nearly at the bottom of the stairs, I felt a kind of misgiving, as of some unknown danger; however, as I knew no cause of fear, I descended. Suddenly recollecting something, I turned back with the intention of again ascending the stairs, but to my great surprise, found a door placed at the foot of the stairs, which were very wide, and no real door to them. I then entered the kitchen and procured the tinder-box, and again endeavoured to return, but found the entrance as before—barricaded. I turned back, and laid down the tinder-box; but proceeding, found a large bar placed to impede my progress. I then had recourse to prayer, and the bar, which was a very thick one, was gradually raised, and I passed on; but, without knowing how, I was again in the kitchen, and confined between four walls. I was certainly very much alarmed, but had again recourse to prayer, and the walls disappeared. I soon found where I was, and thought all was over; but again my passage was obstructed by what seemed to me a wooden bench, upon which I leaped, and at the same moment found a kind of shutter, which falling before me, struck me on the face; I then called on Mary, and felt a gentle hand placed on my arm, which led me safely to a window, where I called for help. Two of the nuns came to me, one of whom I was convinced had much to do with my late adventure, and, indeed, I feared the other was not quite guiltless. Previous to this, being rather indisposed, I breakfasted in my bed, and on quitting my room, felt a hand which struck me on the head, and passed to my back with such violence, that I thought I never should recover the effects. Another time I had placed a curtain (the weather being hot) before my door, so as to prevent any one from seeing into my room when the door was open. On passing by I stopped at my door, and saw plainly a hand which unfastened the curtain, and struck me on the head. I looked in, and saw that no one was visible, and left the room. When I heard steps following, with some indignation I exclaimed—‘If God hath given you power to hurt me, do it; if not, I command you to retire.’ All was immediately quiet.”

“One woman, who had given herself up to the power of a priest, who was a magician, and assisted him in his wickedness, used, at times, to be seized in very strange ways. At one time she walked in a very stiff way, not unlike a puffin, with her eyes fixed in so extraordinary a manner, that she frightened all who saw her but myself. I used to sit and converse with her, though the sound of her voice was altered to a hoarse croak. At another time she fell down, and her legs were stiff and like marble, so that it was impossible to move them. During the paroxysms she always called for this man, yet was afterwards angry at his having been sent for.”

“One night I was sleeping in the room of a sick friend, but my mind had been greatly disturbed on religious subjects, owing to the misconduct of those whose lives ought to have been pure as the angels. I had almost determined never again to approach a sacrament, till I could find a clergyman whose life was blameless.

"Suddenly I awoke, and perceived a gentleman seated by my bed side, whom I knew by his dress to be a clergyman. He was short, of a florid complexion, and blue eyes. I asked him who he was and what he wanted, not doubting he was from the other world, because the doors were locked. He replied by asking me a question, which I well knew the uncle of my friend had made use of to satisfy the doubts of a lady: she had afterwards been found murdered. I immediately pronounced his name, and asked him what he wanted, and why he woke me, when his own niece, who stood in need of consolation as much as myself, was in the same room (she was fast asleep). I wished to wake her, but he forbade me, saying, 'he was sent to solve my doubts,' which, in a very long conversation he did, so entirely that I approached the sacraments."

"Being exhausted with ill-treatment, and very ill, I was one night reflecting on the sufferings I was likely to endure the next day, when an interior voice informed me that the next day I had nothing to fear, for the power of my persecutors was gone. I believed the voice, and so it proved; for neither the next day, nor ever after, did they attempt to annoy me."

"One of those who were accessory to the strange event, of my bed seeming surrounded by devils dancing and rejoicing, died, in a most dreadful manner, soon after, and while on his death-bed, asked several times, whether the devils would really dance round him and play? which, when I heard, I could not think otherwise than alluding to that night."

"On entering my room one day, about eleven o'clock, I was startled by a very surprising vision. One side of the room represented a landscape: a lady in white, with a blue sash, and her hair in ringlets, was about the middle, while a tall young man, pretending to be our blessed Saviour, stood on an elevation, who addressed me scornfully, saying, 'that as I had greatly offended the Almighty I should the next day be seized with a dangerous illness from which I should not recover.' He informed me that he was our Divine Redeemer, and the lady the Blessed Virgin. I told him it was false, that our blessed Saviour did not treat his creatures with scorn, nor did the lady resemble anything that I had ever understood of the blessed Virgin. I bade them (as was my usual custom when provoked by any supernatural appearance, noise, &c.), to depart and leave me in peace. All disappeared, but terror and anxiety seized me; my spirits, long harassed, gave way, and I threw my arms on the window, and laid my head on them. Fear and anger made me tremble."

"That soft interior voice, to which I was accustomed, however, recalled me, and said, 'Fear not: your illness, which it is true, will commence at this hour to-morrow, will come from God, who is a tender Father; kneel down and resign yourself into His hands, for life or death, sickness or health, and do not trouble yourself by

reflecting whether it is in punishment of your sins, or merely for your sanctification; let it suffice you that God sends it.'

"Having obeyed my heavenly monitor, I arose tranquil: it then bade me quit my room, and seek to forget what had passed in active employment.

"I never felt better than during that day, nor in better spirits; and I had actually forgotten what had occurred the day before, when, on entering my room at the hour, I was seized with illness. I hastily quitted the room to seek for assistance, and meeting some one, I begged them to help me to the room of the friend whom I was seeking, but had scarcely spoken, when I fainted, and was laid in my bed in a state of insensibility.

"During my severe illness, which lasted some months, I frequently felt the presence of my angelic comforter, who desired me to be very attentive to the orders of my physician, but never to trouble myself about my recovery.

"As during the whole time I was in imminent danger, great care was taken (according to the physician's orders) to keep my room very quiet; and for fear of being disturbed from meditation, I never opened my eyes. No hopes were entertained of my recovery, particularly as when asked if I would take such a medicine, or if I would submit to such or such a remedy, I always answered, 'Yes, whatever you please.'

"When the danger was over, I lost the sensible presence of my heavenly friend, to my great regret. I had never mentioned what had happened, as he forbade me to speak of it during my illness."

"One night I returned at an early hour, and being in my bed, was surprised, after some space of time, to find myself annoyed by what appeared a sound of rejoicing, which I could only compare to cracked instruments, and a company of devils, which seemed to surround the bed dancing. At first looking upon it as the effects of imagination, I did not move; yet why so excited I could not tell. I had had nothing during the day particularly to trouble me. I retired early merely from being tired with the heat; but I soon found that my determined enemies were very busy, and even flattered themselves with some decisive victory. Prayer being my only refuge, therefore, I arose and descended to the chapel, but was irresistibly compelled to seek (after praying for some time) for some one to whom to speak. The state of surprise at my appearance, and the reception I met with, convinced me that not in vain had I been summoned to prayer. I insisted on seeing a priest; this was denied. I declared my firm purpose of not returning to bed till I had seen the gentleman I designated. After much resistance, a young person was sent, who soon returned, saying he was out. I then, in defiance of every one, quitted the house, and went for him myself; he was out, but I left a message for him; and to the great consternation of the guilty party, he came, and desired every one to leave the room. After he had patiently heard me, he quieted my fears, and bade me sleep in peace, which I obeyed, leaving all in great perplexity.

"The next day the vile miscreant (who was a priest most unworthy of the sacred character), dared to threaten the venerable old man for assisting me, and even raised his hand against him.

"This unfortunate wretch finding me resolute in resisting him, pursued me with his hate; and when my purpose of quitting was known, I was annoyed by mysterious voices, whisperings, threatenings, printed papers, and bats, and other creatures usually employed in witchcraft. Once, he being in the house, the cat assumed a most singular appearance, crawling on its hind legs, and approaching my mouth; I spat at it, and it became (after looking at me in a strange way) like itself."

"I believe that in convents a great many effects are produced by means of the confessor, and other persons being introduced secretly, and there practising those arts which a knowledge of chemistry, natural philosophy, &c., enable them to perform, and which are unknown to the more ignorant. The state of subjection in which a novice is kept, and the exclusion of the studies which naturally enlarge the mind, and the books supplied which tend to depress the spirits, give also an influence to those on whom the unfortunate novice depends. To a fearful novice, little is necessary to subject her entirely to the power of her enemies.

"In a convent in which I was novice, it was the custom to read, during meals, some very frightful books, usually tending to prove that every one out of that house, or, at least, any one quitting that house, was exposed to inevitable destruction; and even those, who in the least infringed its rules, could hardly be saved.

"Books of the most horrible kind were put into the hands of the young, while the usual conversation (when it was not of the confessor, or of other young men, of which there were no inconsiderable number who visited the convent) was usually of hell, damnation, and purgatory, with the terrors of Divine justice. This, with poor diet, was frequently effectual in depressing the minds of young people, who were thereby terrified into a belief that the only way to save themselves from perdition, was to embrace this order. One, while I was there, though not gifted with much sense (indeed she was so weak, as to come under the denomination of those whom the canon law excludes, as well as their own particular rules), left of her own accord. We were all, in consequence, admonished of her dreadful case (the girl had money), and begged not to follow so awful an example, as she was declared utterly lost. Another wished to leave, but by dint of entreaties and expostulations, she was prevailed on to stay, and she made her vows."

So terminate this lady's extraordinary anecdotes.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA REDIVIVUS.

LINES

BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

GLENGARIFFE.*

SCENE after scene, like clouds by loose winds blown,
 Fades unremembered. Lost in hope, love, fear,
 We see and we behold not : eye and ear
 Take little note of stream, or tree, or stone.
 —How calm the trance of changeless beauty here !
 How in the stillness of this lonely place,
 Faint voices murmur back, with lingering tone,
 The dreamy time of youth that left no trace !
 This is a woman's magic ; one, whose heart,
 Waked by the mighty poets, learned their art,
 And made the mystery of song her own ;
 And henceforth will a deeper interest
 Than of their natural loveliness, invest
 Esk's eagle heights, GLENA, GLENGARIFFE lone.

THE ANNUALS.

FORGET ME NOT ; a Christmas, New Year's and Birth-day Present for 1840.
 Edited by Frederick Shoberl. London : Published by Ackerman & Co.

We have only time and space for a passing notice of these brilliant year-books. The one before us maintains its character. Its illustrations are tastefully selected and genially executed. Its literature is of great excellence. Such names as James Montgomery, Charles Swain, Mary Howitt, and Douglas Jerrold, add to the value of the volume.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING and WINTER'S WREATH—A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1840. Smith, Elder and Co.

This is the first of the Annuals that has reached us this year—and in giving our good word for its literary contents, it is desirable that we should bestow our unqualified praise upon the illustrations. These are engraved by Messrs. Bull, Cook, Higham, Jeavons, Periam, Simmons and Smith, from subjects by F. Stone, H. Corbould, H. W. Warren, D. Roberts, F. Corbaux, H. Andrews, Lady Burghersh, W. Satter, D. Roberts, and F. Hervé. The literature of Friendship's Offering, has always been of a superior character, and is this year of great merit.

THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL. London : Charles Tilt, Fleet-street, 1840.

This very beautiful volume contains a series of capital tales, legends and historical romances, by Thomas Bacon, Esq. F.S.A., illustrated with some very excellent engravings by the two Findens, from Sketches by Mr. Bacon and Captain Meadows Taylor. We much regret that we are so pressed for space this month, as to be incapable of affording room for extracts from this in all respects very laudable work.

* Written on reading a beautiful descriptive poem.

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX: the Iris of Prose, Poetry, and Art, for 1840, illustrated with engravings by W. and E. Finden, from paintings by J. Browne; edited by Mary Russel Mitford, author of "Our Village," &c. London: Charles Tilt, Fleet-street.

This is a magnificent book in size, in pictorial decoration, and in poetic beauty. Poetic beauty! are there not here verses by Miss Barrett, whom religion has made poetical, whom poetry has made religious? Mr. Chorley's lines too are instinct with the right spirit—and as to Barry Cornwall, he is a master in the school of song; nor is the name of Horne unknown. This book is a delight such as is calculated to make the possessor proud. Miss Mitford's own contributions are admirable.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A MANUAL for the COLLEGE of SURGEONS in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, by J. STEGGALL, M. D., and M. W. HILLES. London: Church-hill.

Among the subjects of reform of the present day, the learned professions have engaged their full share of public attention. In none perhaps has greater improvement taken place than in the education of the medical student. In addition to a strict enquiry as to his attendance at the required number and class of lectures the final trial of his abilities and attainments at the period of *examination* is much more severe than it was even a short time back. We can very well enter into the feelings of the candidate when about to go up for judgment, and can even sympathise with him in imagination in all the horrors of the *funking-room*, and the pleasures of having *passed*. But now the youthful aspirant must not trust to good fortune: he must rely altogether upon his previous industry and the skill of his teachers. He must work hard, and avail himself of every assistance offered by those who undertake to make his path to knowledge smooth and commodious. The Manual above mentioned must therefore be a great treasure to the student, when the awful time approaches. Dr. Steggall's name is too well known to require any comment from us on the skill he displays in works of this nature. We may only observe, that this is by far the most complete volume we have seen as a guide for students, embracing in a succinct and well arranged form the most important points of Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery. Indeed, the only fear is that it may be too bulky; but it is thus rendered more fit for the country practitioner, who can carefully peruse its pages, and thus refresh his memory with those essentials of his profession, with which he was familiar in the days of his youth.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS PLATTER, a Schoolmaster of the Sixteenth Century. Translated from the German by the translator of Lavater's Original Maxims. London: B. Wertheim, 1839.

We have derived very great gratification from the perusal of this little work. It is a brief record of the life of a man who may truly be pronounced extraordinary, and probably quite unknown to modern readers. It is a sketch of one in the lowly class of the Sixteenth Century,—a little *mosaic* in which the most engaging effect is produced by the *ensemble* of its unpretending materials, and the sweet, simple, and natural, but expressive touches of the artist. The subject is most winning, and the handling most effective. It is a piece of true nature portrayed in the most natural manner; and, after the hot, stimulating, *gin-palace* compounds of the present day, which, as mere *gustatores*, we are obliged in our vocation to taste, is as wholesome and delicious to the palate as a draught of pure water from "Choaspes or Hydaspes, sacred streams" to the parched sense of a Persian Satrap. It is the autobiography of one born in the humblest rank; first a goatherd in Switzerland, who ulti-

mately raised himself, by his energy, perseverance, and indomitable love of knowledge, to the rank of Professor in the University of Basle. Contemporary with Luther, Erasmus, Zuinglius, and the extension of classical learning in Europe, forced by his destiny to travel much at a period when manners though homely were more cordial, when nature more regulated the sentiments and actions of men than art and conventional arrangements, he furnishes a picture of himself, and the life and manhood of that time, that in honest zeal, hearty feeling, generous devotedness, artless, *naïve* grace, and true, clear, *man-like* character, must win all who contemplate it. It is one of the most delightful little biographical sketches that we have met with for many a day; and we heartily recommend it to the perusal of our readers.

THE BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND ONE NIGHT: From the Arabic of the Ægyptian MS., as edited by Wm. Hay Macnaghten, Esq., B.C.S. Done into English by Henry Torrens, B.C.S., B.A., and of the Inner Temple. Calcutta: M. Thacker & Co. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1838.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS: A new translation from the Arabic, with copious notes. By E. W. Lane, author of "The Modern Ægyptians." London: Charles Knight & Co. 1839.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

Yea, rather shall we call them *English Nights'* Entertainments: for have they not been so to us? Make we not our own associations? Of a verity. Even now the baggage-waggon of memory rolls heavily over the well-beaten pathway of our experience, bearing the stores of our present and former mental state; need we say how valued? We are seated at the bustling inn of our literary labours, waiting the arrival of this lumbering vehicle, and listening patiently to the approach-denoting bells of its costly horses,—Pegasus, their leader. Hark! it is rumbling up the clean court-yard of our present subject:—let its contents be laid open. Here, as the mental image of a miniaturized locket, let the graceful youth of our fancy kiss it. Here again is the ponderous plan of some projected but unsatisfying pursuit; let the matured hero of our judgment pity it:—ah! and there is a veritable ectype of the "Thousand and One Nights;" this is what we want: let our acquisitiveness preserve it.

English Nights? We make them so by association; for we remember well when the social guardians of our person and our home left the house to our youthful care, how we stole, lamp in hand, to that holy ground of a literary man—*videlicet* the "library," and made the lock obey our will-compressed lips and firm wrist, lest it should resent our violation of its repose, in tones not deep, but loud; and by the noise of its forced obedience call others from their slumbers. Here, from some dusty shelf, drew we out a copy of the "Arabian Nights;" nor left it soon: for the shrill-throated cock tuned his morning instrument to our bed-march.

Literally are they "Arabian Nights" also; for we make them so by association. In their perusal, deeply bewildered by their enchantment at the "bewitching-hour," do we not become an Arab, and something more? Are we not a Jin? for we can place one of our mental feet here on the British Museum, the other on the market at Baghdad; with one nostril we can scent the sweets of an English hay-field; with the other the perfumes of Araby in imagination! Are we not a MAN? thus comprehending the Christian, the Mussulman, the Jew. . . . Are we not a critic? thus incorporating ourself with the subject of every author; and a book is but a temptation to one quality of our Protean character for us to animate and embody. Yet are we no heath-en, save when we tread over Hounslow Heath to our country-house; a walk without interest in itself, yet not without poetry to us. In our next choice of an abode, we shall take one more appropriate to our disposition;

for we are fertile, therefore admire not the barren : we are original, therefore desire not the *common-place*.

Pegasus is restive, we will even "loose him and let him go;" and now deprived of our reckless supporter, we will trust to our own strength, and walk calmly out to admire the placid countenance of nature; and from this high hill view her in all loveliness. Sweet hour!—when the wand of genius can call up in the magic cave of our feelings scenes of enchantment from regions—perhaps not earthly:—throw out in relief its secret recesses, with the variegated lamps of truth; bring forth to the entertainment the mental riches of every clime, and stud its natural tracery-work with flowers and gems, far excelling those of Hâroon El-Resheed's Garden of Delight, and Palace of Diversion. Thus must the beauty of our mind take the precedence of all its beautiful objects of investigation; and to this fruitful-loving artist, what is worthy to furnish materials for expression and workmanship?—A work before us answers—"The Arabian Nights;" and so have we found them, in the fresh days of our youth, as a mirror in which to behold reflected our star-studded intellect; and in later times a something in which to lose oneself, when all else outward seemed dark. But duty compels us to leave this green meadow of poetry for the high road of criticism:—will you follow us, gentle reader?

A work like "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS," thus standing high in our romantic estimation, certainly demands a translation, that shall every way represent in English, its character in Arabic; for a translation is only so far valuable as it vividly indicates the spirit of its original, and is calculated to call into activity those sentiments in its readers, which are found in the natives of the work's birth-place: and as a necessary aid in the development of this appreciation, to those dwelling far from the land of Jinn and Darweeshes, an appendix is needed, which in the variety of pithy information and richness of anecdote, shall furnish that curious insight into the customs and manners, doctrines and superstitions of the Eastern nations, as on the whole, to effect that transmigration of the Arabian soul of literature, into our different modes of creation. Such a picturesque and masterly translation, in every sense of the words, has Mr. Lane brought forth:—"having lived several years in Cairo, associating almost exclusively with Arabs, speaking their language, conforming to their general habits with the most scrupulous exactitude, and received into their society on terms of perfect equality." And further, we may add, by the simplicity of his life, the depth and closeness of his observation, and the ease and gracefulness with which he writes his native language; this profound Arabic scholar has furnished one of the best translations we have of any work; and the notes, forming nearly two-thirds of this first volume, in lucidity and originality are such as few men in the world could supply. From these *thesauri* of information and Eastern anecdote, we present our readers with the following from the note "*On Conversing and Corresponding by means of Signs, Emblems, Metaphors,*" &c.

"A remarkable faculty is displayed by some Arabs in catching the meaning of secret signs employed in written communications to them; such signs being often used in political and other intrigues. The following is a curious instance.—The celebrated poet El-Mutanelbee, having written some verses in praise(?) of Kâfoor El-Ikhsheede, the independent Governor of Egypt, was obliged to flee and hide himself in a distant town. Kâfoor was informed of his retreat, and desired his secretary to write to him a letter promising him pardon, and commanding him to return; but told the writer at the same time, that when the poet came he would punish him. The secretary was a friend of the poet, and being obliged to read the letter to the Prince when he had written it, was perplexed how to convey to El-Mutanelbee some indication of the danger that waited him; he could only venture to do so in the exterior address; and having written this in the usual form, commencing: 'In shâa-llâh (if it be the will of God,) 'this shall arrive,' &c., he put a small mark of reduplication over the 'n' in the first word, which he thus converted into 'Inna';' the final

vowel being understood. The poet read the letter, and was rejoiced to see a promise of pardon; but on looking a second time at the address, was surprised to observe the mark of reduplication over the 'n'. Knowing the writer to be his friend, he immediately suspected a secret meaning, and rightly conceived, that the sign conveyed an allusion to a passage in the Kur-ân, commencing with the word 'Inna,' and this he divined to be the following:—"Verily the magistrates are deliberating concerning thee, to put thee to death." Accordingly he fled to another town. Some authors add, that he wrote a reply, conveying by a similar sign, to his friend, an allusion to another passage in the Kur-ân,—"We will never enter the country while they remain therein." It is probable that signs thus employed were used by many persons to convey allusions to certain words; and such may have been the case in the above-mentioned instance: if not; the poet was a wonderful guesser."

In the conduct of his excellent translation, Mr. Lane has seen proper to omit the greater part of the poetical scraps interspersed through the original, which do not demand particular attention; while he has exercised his judgment in preserving those graphic Solomonetic aphorisms which so eminently distinguish the Eastern mind; after the following fashion.

"Poverty causeth the lustre of a man to grow dim, like the yellowness of the setting-sun.

When absent he is not remembered among mankind; and when present he shareth not the pleasures.

In the market-street he shunneth notice; and in desert places he poureth forth his tears.

By Allah! a man, among his own relations, when afflicted with poverty, is as a stranger!"

Mr. Lane's prose omissions are also of slight import, being passages which come under no other denominations than Arabian licentiousness, and Arabian "twaddle." (heaven knows we have much of that indicated by the latter substantive in our own country, without importing more from the East!)-doubtless the interpolations of ribald copyists, with a view of adding "sallets to the lines to make them savoury"* to the palled appetites of the vulgar. Still the fact that omissions have been made, will be productive of a desire in the curious and dusty-secret-hunting few for a *literal* rendering of the original Arabic work, and this Mr. Torrens has supplied;-the literalness of his translation is the only advantage it possesses, for his composition is most grating to us-lovers and preservers of our noble language in all its chasteness and dignity. He has mistaken a certain quaintness of mannerism, for ease and simplicity of style: and this laborious defect in his work, will allow its purer rival to bear off the palm of popularity not only in England, but on the banks of the Hooghley and the Ganges. Mr. Torrens' notes contain little more information than what is generally known to the readers of Eastern life, and for that little he is principally indebted to Mr. Lane's "Modern Egyptians," and the learned De Lacy's "Chrestomathic Arabe." It will be well to give a specimen from both translations, in juxtaposition, in order that the reader may notice the turgid mannerism of one, and the unadorned beauty of the other.

From the story of the Barber's first Brother.

Mr. Torrens' "*Done into English.*"

"Know, O Lord of the Faithful, that the first, and he is the hunchback, took tailoring for his trade in Bughdád, and he used to sew up in a shop, that he was fain to hire from a man of much wealth, and this man used to dwell over the shop, and there was on the lowest part of the

Mr. Lane's translation.

"Know, O Prince of the Faithful, that the first (who was named El-Bakbook) was the lame one. He practised the art of a tailor in Baghdád, and used to sew in a shop which he hired of a man possessing great wealth, who lived over the shop, and who had in the lower part of

* Hamlet.

man's house a mill. Now meanwhile my brother, the hunchback, was sitting in the shop on a certain day sewing, he lifted his head, and saw a woman like the full moon mounted up at a window of the house, and she was looking out at the people. Now when my brother saw her his heart was possessed with love of her, and he kept his whole day looking upon her; so my brother neglected his tailoring until the evening. So when it was the next day in the morning time he opened his shop, and sat to sew, and every while he stitched a stitch, he kept looking to the window; and he saw her in that same way, and his love for her augmented, and his madness for her."

his house, a mill. And as my lame brother was sitting in his shop one day, sewing, he raised his head, and saw a woman like the rising full moon, at a projecting window of the house, looking at the people passing by; and as soon as he beheld her, his heart was entangled by her love. He passed that day gazing at her, and neglecting his occupation, until the evening; and on the following morning he opened his shop, and sat down to sew; but every time that he sewed a stitch, he looked towards the window; and in this state he continued, sewing nothing sufficient to earn a piece of silver."

Verily in this original age of origin-seeking, what object of mind or matter has not received its scrutiny, had its destiny fixed in the "nothings" or "somethings" of importance; and then been laid aside, or like Aladdin's lamp experienced an occasional rub, for some magical purpose or other in the world of knowledge. Moralists have ceased to write upon "witchcraft" and taken up with "etiquette;" Alchemists, after becoming nearly "stone-blind" in their search after the "Philosopher's stone," with their crucibles and poisons, have "ceased to exist;" and then illustrious successors in another shape have spun out their cocoon-intellects into sheets of "useful knowledge:"—the storm for the perpetual-motion discovery has lulled to rest; and the wonders of "animal magnetism" now ride buoyantly over the stream of popular investigation; still further do we, who sail far from the Maelstrom of worldly prejudices, love to watch these compassless cruisers in their rickety voyage to the unknown land of truth; and attempt to turn their obstinate course towards the sure port. Heaven! . . . But we are digressing;—zeal for the public good has drawn us from our direct subject: we were talking of "origins" and are therefore reminded of the "origin" of "The Arabian Nights." Say nothing, gentle reader, for our versatility or fickleness;" for we are . . . what are we? . . . Proteus! We are often very serious, when apparently mirthful.*

Now, Mr. Lane has very satisfactorily shown, that the original work was composed "soon after the conquest of Egypt by the Osmanlee Turks, which happened A. D. 1517; and the earliest period at which any portion of it has been incontestably proved to have existed is the year 955 of the flight (A. D. 1548);" while there is not the least doubt, that the germs or indistinct legends of the tales have proceeded from a much earlier time; as the Veronese tale had birth before Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Readers may, if they please, trace back the ground-work of this story to a Greek romance by Xenophon Ephesius, as Mr. L. has once traced it; and so on *ad infinitum*;—but we are not fond of "endless genealogies, which minister questions rather than to godly edifying;"—and so let ST. PAUL silence you. As Mr. Lane has summed up in one of his notes, very succinctly, a few of his evidences respecting the date of the composition of "Arabian Nights," we cannot do better than quote the passage.

"The title of 'Sultan' was first borne by Mahmood Ibn Sabuktekeen, in the year of the Flight 393, just two hundred years after the death of Hároon El-Resheed; and there was no Sultan of Egypt until the year of the Flight 567; the first being the famous Saláh Ed-Deen, or Saladin. It appears, then, that there must have been a long series of Sultans in Egypt, before the period of the composition of this work; for otherwise the author could not have supposed that there was one contemporary with El-Resheed.

"I have now given several data upon which to found a reasonable opinion as to the age when these tales were composed. First, in note 55 to chapter ii.,

I have shown, that a fiction in one of the tales, is framed in accordance with the distinction of Muslims, Christians, and Jews, by the colours of their turbans, which mode of distinction originated in the beginning of the eighth century of the Flight. Secondly, in the present note, I have given a strong reason for concluding that there must have been a long series of Sultans in Egypt, before the age of the Author. In the third place, I must remark, that all the events described in this work are said to have happened in ages which, with respect to that of the author, were *ancient*, being related to an ancient king; from which, I think, we may infer the author's age to have been, at least, two centuries posterior to the period mentioned in the first of these data. Fourthly, in note 22 to Chap. iii., I have shewn that the state of manners and morals described in many of these tales, agrees, in a most important point of view, with the manners and morals of the Arabs, at the commencement of the tenth century of the Flight. This I regard as an argument of great weight, and especially satisfactory as agreeing with the inference just before drawn. Fifthly, from what I have stated in the note immediately preceding, I incline to the opinion that few copies of this work, if any, were written until after the conquest of Egypt by the Turks; in other words, that the work was perhaps composed shortly before the year 1517 of our era; but more probably, within ten or twenty years *after*. This opinion, it should be remarked, respects especially the *early* portion of the work, which is the least likely to have been interpolated, as later parts evidently have been. At the last-mentioned period, a native of Cairo (and such I believe to have been the author of the principal portion of the work, if not of the whole) might, if about forty years of age, retain a sufficient recollection of the later Memlook Sultans, and of their ministers, to describe his kings and courts without the necessity of consulting the writings of historians, which, probably, he was unable to do; for, from his ignorance of chronology, it appears that his knowledge of former times was not derived from the perusal of any regular record, but only from traditions, or from works like the present," &c.

Mr. Lane thinks it most probable that "The Arabian Nights" were composed by one man; the only objection we have to make to this view is, that the author of this popular work has never been known. We feel more inclined to believe, that it is the composition of a number of Egyptian writers, conjointly, or in rapid succession; and though the subjects of some of the tales may be of Persian or Indian derivation, the manners they describe, and the allusions they contain, are mostly Arabian.

A word more on the translations before us. Mr. Lane's we will keep for our library table; Mr. Torrens' shall hold a place on the shelf in the same apartment, as a curious work; while the common pocket edition still maintains no unenviable position in our regards.

We cannot think our space misapplied to these remarks on "The Arabian Nights;" so strongly is the book cemented with our former days of entertainment: this, and "Robinson Crusoe," after fulfilling their aim as stories for the young, in after-days are still venerated as the Lares and Penates of our social literary existence. A work written for the amusement and instruction of the great and little Moslems cannot fail of being popular with imaginations of a more sober cast,—indicating, as it does so vividly, the sentiments and manners of a strangely romantic and unmixed people,—treading on a soil as peculiar as themselves. Is there not a striking similarity between the prospective view of a country and its literature? If we ponder over German works, we feel it would be an anomaly in nature for Germany to be famed for "cities of palaces," or voluptuous retreats: nothing but gloomy cells of studies, and their solitary "grave and reverend" inhabitants, with flickering lamps, stuffed crocodiles, and magical devices, will satisfy us as being chiefly emblematic of her character. Again, with England, we can only conceive bustling counting-houses, and societies for the diffusion of knowledge; and if we think of an author, the image of a "loom" is somehow mysteriously and unavoidably associated with

him. In the East we move in quite another world: there we proceed from the sphere of logic and thoughtful induction, to that of feeling, story-telling, and untainted imaginative tradition. In her tales, rather than in those of any other land, the metamorphosis of our position and disposition is more complete. In imagination we become naturalised with her inhabitants and scenery; and the transition is more pleasing from being so contrasted to our accustomed pursuits. What is more interesting in our mental travels, than to linger round the well of Zemzem, in the temple of Mecca, and to watch its religious or superstitious visitors; or, to lean against the noble gate of Zuweyleh, in Cairo, and observe the passers-by, and the living "helm-less ship of the desert," going forth on his patient voyage; while the rays of the morning sun flicker over the lofty minaret of El-Mu-eyad; to haunt the shops of a Keysareeyeh, and converse with their opium-fumed merchants; to peep into the Azhar mosque, and detect the homeless wanderer relinquishing his nightly resting-place; by and bye to listen to the chaunt of the mueddins from the mad'nehs; to witness the preparations for worship, and anon, in another spot, the solemnly exciting ceremony of the Zikr? Verily, there is poetry in the daily pursuits of the Arabians, and not only in their stories.

Germany is celebrated for Metaphysics; England for "Useful Knowledge;" Arabia is chief among the lands of Poetry and Romance.

STANDARD EDITION OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS; illustrated by Grandville.
London: Hayward & Moore, Paternoster Row.

This work, which is in every way elegantly produced, will be completed in eight monthly parts, and contain four hundred wood engravings.

POEMS BY ELIZA COOK, consisting of Melaia, and other Poems. This volume is published by Charles Tilt, and is, in all respects, an elegant volume.

Eliza Cook is a poetess, and the illustrations that accompany her effusions are exceedingly graceful.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY, AND OTHER POEMS, by Samuel Rogers.
London: Edward Moxon, Dover-street, 1839.

This is a popular edition for Eighteen-pence, and is a superior specimen of typography.

THE GREEN ROOM.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE Winter Season theatrical campaign has already commenced here with considerable vigour, under the auspices of that experienced tactician, Madame Vestris, the new lessee. Her opening drama was a revival of a play, which time, together with its remarkable unfitness for dramatic representation, have contrived to render altogether obsolete, namely, "Love's Labour Lost." This, although illustrated by some scenery beautifully executed by the Grieves's, was, as might be conjectured, an entire failure; it, consequently, was soon withdrawn from the public gaze, being once more consigned to the oblivion from which it had been so injudiciously awakened.

The next revival told better, namely, Sheridan's Comedy of "The School for Scandal," embellished with entirely new scenery and dresses, scrupulously correct, as to the period when this admirable drama first appeared. Nothing could exceed the degree of perfection with which many of the tableaux and groups were portrayed, and the vast space rendered the illusion complete. The grand meeting of the wholesale dealers in scandal, at Lady Sneerwell's, was admirably arranged, and was rewarded with a round of applause. That unrivalled comedian, W. Farren, is too well known as a first-rate representative of *Sir Peter Teazle* to require any additional eulogium being bestowed upon

him from our pen. Suffice it to say, his personation was as just and true to nature as heretofore. Madame Vestris as *Lady Teazle*, notwithstanding the grotesque costume, looked beautiful, and played with her usual intellect, archness, and vivacity. Some points she gave to the life, while the unrivalled brilliancy of the dialogue, and the refined smartness of the repartees, lost not a tittle of their excellence in her hands. Truth obliges us to confess that the representatives of the brothers Joseph and Charles Surface, may, in point of equality of performance, literally shake hands with each other. Mr. Cooper, who played the elder—the smooth-tongued hypocrite—seemed to have an idea that he was performing a part in high tragedy, and gave utterance to every sentiment in the most stilted manner possible; while Mr. C. Mathews made *Charles Surface* an unrivalled specimen of personal activity and bustle, as if he were doomed to illustrate what philosophers mean by “the perpetual motion.”

Mr. C. Matthews has since personated “The Copper Captain” in Beaumont and Fletcher’s sterling Comedy of “Rule a Wife and Have a Wife,” but we really cannot felicitate him on the correctness of his portraiture. Mr. G. Vandenhoff (to introduce whom, in “Leon” the revival took place), is a fine young man, with several requisites, and much knowledge of the stage; but he has not yet had sufficient practice in his arduous art, to enable him to embody so very difficult a character. “Estifania” was represented by Mrs. Nesbitt, with remarkable spirit and vivacity.

A Miss Austin, a pupil of that veteran singing master, Mr. T. Welsh, made a highly successful *debut* in the part of “Mandane” in Dr. Arne’s Grand Opera of “Artaxerxes”—her voice is most remarkable for its sweetness, nor is it by any means deficient in power, which quality was sufficiently evidenced by her execution of “The Soldier tired,” and which *was* rapturously encored. She has since repeated the part with increased success. The Opera was altogether very strongly cast, and ably represented. Mr. Harrison’s “Arbaces” was well sung, and throughout evinced sound musical instruction, and correct taste, A Mr. Borrani made his first appearance in “Artabanes:” he possesses a very fine *Barry-tone* voice, and sung “Thy Father away,” with uncommon energy and effect. The youthful Artaxerxes found an able and interesting representative in Madame Vestris. She gave the exquisite air of “In Infancy our Hopes and Fears” with such taste and feeling, as to command one of those enthusiastic encores, that invariably accompany the outpourings of mind and melody.

We forgot to state that an old French Farce of Picard’s was *anglicised* under the title of “Alive and Merry” by Mr. C. Dance, and produced the first night with very equivocal success. At the end of the first act, the major part of the audience voted “Alive and Merry,” a remarkably stupid affair; and preferring a nap in their own beds, to taking one in a Theatre, they went away by scores, for that purpose.

ADELPHI.

This small and fashionable Theatre opened with a Melo-drama, “full of sound and fury, signifying—nothing,” entitled, “Mount St. Bernard,” although it was vastly well got up, and displayed the resources of the theatre, in regard to stage effects, to considerable advantage, it failed to interest, and created no sensation.

Mr. Paul Bedford made his *debut* on these boards, in the above heterogenous compound, in a part entirely unworthy of his peculiar abilities. We should have thought that considering the distinguished success that has crowned some *eccentrics*, heretofore so graphically represented by Mr. Bedford, with a rich fidelity to nature, combined with a remarkable raciness of humour, Mr. Yates would have set one of his dramatists to work, to have manufactured for him an opening part, in which the abilities of the comedian and singer could be adequately displayed and appreciated. He is the only actor in the company that is worth making a decided feature of; and if he was well written for, the probability is, that he would soon become very attractive.

